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AMONG THE RUINS.

A voice amidst gray ruins clearly singing,
While lengthening shadows o'er the sand-flats fall,
And a wan moon like a white pall is flinging
A sad and sombre lustre over all.
What burthen hath that song which might enthrall
The desert ghouls to listening mutely glad?
What meaning bears its message musical?
"While life hath love, shall song be wholly sad?"

Hist! Are there roses 'midst those ruins springing?
Is that the nightingale's voluptuous call?
Can it be dew on those scant grass-tufts stringing,
In the chill moonlight, gems imperial?
Ah, nay! But while snake-slow the shadows crawl
From mound to mound with perished verdure clad,
Still sounds that voice with joyous swell and fall—
"While life hath love, shall song be wholly sad?"

What voice? None knows. That rapturous carol ringing
From forth the ruins hath no name at all;
But not the lark through the clear blue upwinging
Hath song so clear or so ecstatical.
Shapes of delight, odors ambrosial,
Rise in the desert, and its spectres bad
Shrink to their lairs, and may no more appall.
"While life hath love, shall song be wholly sad?"

Who hears that voice is never Sorrow's thrall,
'Midst wastes with shadows thronged, with ruins clad;
'Tis an echo of Hope's clarion call—
"While life hath love, shall song be wholly sad?"

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN EMBITTERED LIFE.

'Tis a truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
—*Tennyson.*

Mr. Douglas was rather liked at Castletowers, and pronounced a very worthy successor to Bracy Burgoyne, and he went his way to India, purposing to travel a little *en route*, and, if agreeable, visit Miss Burgoyne in Florence.

All this Mrs. Caterham duly notified to Lady Euphemia, and expatiated on the pleasant manners and quiet ways of Mr. Mark Douglas in a fashion which made that young lady and her aunt desirous to see him.

Miss Burgoyne was advised of his approach by her lawyers, who told her the new owner of Ferndale was a gentleman whom they were sure she would like, and recommended her to see him. He was totally unlike the family she had taken such a dislike to, and they would advise her to be on friendly terms with him if possible.

"And how he can be unlike them when he belongs to them I can't think," she said to Lady Royston. "They are dreadful people. I think I shall be very ill and keep my bed when he comes."

"I wouldn't," her ladyship said, "because then he would persist in coming. If you see him once you needn't do it again if you don't like him."

"Ah, perhaps you are right."

"Every one seems to agree that he is a gentleman. Old Caterham at Castletowers raves about him; but she's always in ecstacies about something. She says he resembles poor Mr. Burgoyne a little, but is a much older man."

"That's not wonderful; they were first cousins. This man's mother was Bracy's father's twin sister, and they were as much alike as two human creatures could possibly be. I suppose he'll have to come."

Mark Douglas did come, and duly waited upon Miss Burgoyne, who pronounced him "very nice, with a way that reminded her of poor dear Bracy," and announced her intention of bringing him to call on Lady Royston.

"He is different from the rest of them," she said: "but he has been to a decent college out there, and has moved in good society, so he's not quite so like a bear. He is going to some sort of a situation in India. He got it quite by chance, he says."

"What is it?"

"Something to do with railways—a sort of surveyorship, I fancy. He will travel about a great deal."

"Perhaps he will see Lionel," Lady Euphemia said. "I hope he will. We can give him an introduction, auntie, if he really is nice."

The two ladies were sitting in the balcony of their pretty room, enjoying the cool air which was wafted up the street from the Arno. They had been receiving a good many callers that day; but the last of them had departed, and they were alone.

A fairer vision than Lady Euphemia could scarcely be imagined as she sat there in her white muslin and pink ribbons, with a faint color in her pretty cheeks. She was quite well now, and decidedly the belle of Florence society; but, to Lady Royston's chagrin, she was still as averse or as indifferent to matrimony as ever.

She would listen to none of the suitors who flocked around her and laid their hearts and fortunes at her feet. She was rich enough to dispense with the latter, had she so chosen, and marry any one she liked, were he ever so poor, but nobody seemed to attract her. She appeared to have buried what of love and romance there was in her composition in the grave of the man she had so unfortunately loved.

She was a little curious to see this Mr. Mark Douglas, and not a little puzzled at several things about which she could not talk to her aunt, nor to any one else, unless, indeed, it were Mr. George Caterham, about whose white-faced Hereford she had been so oddly interested.

Mr. Douglas made a very agreeable impression on Lady Royston and her niece. They somehow expected to see a dark, vigorous looking man, such as Bracy Burgoyne had been, and with sufficient family likeness to him to be accounted for by the relationship. This pallid, white-haired stranger with the big beard scarcely resembled him at all, save in voice and manner, and that only now and then. The eyes that Mrs. Caterham had spoken of they could not see.

He talked in a pleasant fashion of Ferndale, and how he hoped he should let it to people who would be pleasant neighbors for the castle. He should be very glad of an introduction to the duke, he said, if Lady Euphemia would honor him with one, and it would not be considered an intrusion.

He was going to Cawnpore and Lucknow he knew, but he believed only for a very short time. His destination at present was very much farther north, at Loodhiana, where there was a railway in course of construction.

Lady Euphemia had a locket to send to her brother, a birthday gift, and begged him to take it—he would arrive there within a few days of the time. Lady Royston pressed him to stay and lunch with them while the little parcel was made up, and left the room to give her orders. When she returned, Mark Douglas was standing by the side of her niece, who was leaning back in her chair, looking as though she would faint.

"What is the matter, Phemie?" she asked, in alarm.

"I don't know, unless it is the heat."

"The heat, child? Why it is quite a cool day!"

"Whatever it is, I am better again now. Mr. Douglas was kind enough to give me a glass of water. I am very sorry to have made such a fuss."

It was not the heat, but a few words from Mark Douglas, which had overcome Lady Euphemia.

Somehow or other, the conversation turned on matrimony, and the whim of Miss Burgoyne's which had kept her nephew single, and led to so much mischief of which she was ignorant.

"She would alter her decree if she had the time to go over again," Lady Royston said. "She bitterly repents now of her stubbornness in the matter."

"We most of us repent of things when it is too late," said Mark Douglas, crumbling a piece of bread and looking down on the tablecloth. "There are very few people in the world who would not alter something in their lives if they could."

"Would you, Mr. Douglas?"

Lady Royston asked the question without any particular motive, and was rather startled at the emphatic manner in which he answered her.

"Would I not? For one rash step, taken in blindness and infatuation, I shall pay with utter misery and desolation for the rest of my life! Alter it! I would work for my bread for the rest of my days, give up all I possess with a glad heart, only to rectify the one blunder which has made me what I am!"

Lady Euphemia did not look up or say a word to this speech, which their guest evidently made without thinking. Lady Royston's words had touched some chord in his heart that responded to them.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I seldom speak of myself; but I have suffered much, and the memory of it rankles."

"I often wish Mr. Burgoyne had married and settled down at the Hollow," Lady Royston said. "He would have been a nice neighbor for Castletowers."

"We are singularly short of neighbors," said Lady Euphemia. "It is a ten miles' drive to visit any one. The clergyman and the doctor and lawyer are the only people in the village. If Ferndale was nicely let it would be pleasant at Castletowers."

"Perhaps Mr. Douglas will live there himself some day," Said Lady Royston.

"I think not."

"Not when you get a wife? The Hollow is just the nest for a pretty bird."

"I shall never have any bird to keep a nest warm for me."

"You are not a woman-hater, surely?"

"No; but I can never have the domestic love and peace which makes 'earth seem heaven,' as Shakespeare has it. I cannot marry."

"Cannot?"

"No."

"Why?" was on Lady Royston's lip, when she suddenly recollected that Mark Douglas was her guest and a stranger, and she paused. But the question was on her face, and he answered it.

"I seem to be talking to your ladyship as though I had known you for years," he said. "But it is pleasant to meet with such friendliness. Miss Burgoyne spoke of you and of your friendship for my poor cousin with such warmth, that I feel almost as though you were friends of my own."

"Pray consider us so," Lady Royston said, kindly; "we shall be very glad, shall we not, Phemie?"

"Yes, we shall be very happy if Mr. Douglas will look upon us as friends," said Lady Euphemia, in her low, sweet voice.

"Thank you; I wish I had found such friends earlier in my career. You take such a kindly interest in me that I will tell you why I am a lonely man, with no ties to bind me to life, no home to make a beacon light to keep me out of the way of peril. No wife will ever sit by my fireside, Lady Euphemia; no little children ever climb my knees and call me father."

"Why not?"

She could not help the question. He seemed to address himself to her, and she restrained him with a question that set her own heart beating.

Was not his fate something similar to her own—a lonely heart in a busy, bustling world—lonely for lack of the one companion that would have made life happy.

"Why not?" he said. "For the most urgent of all reasons; I am not free to marry."

"Not free?"

"No; I have a wife living."

"You!"

If Lady Euphemia had stared at him in amazement before, she stared doubly now, and with a look of horror in her face that puzzled her aunt.

"Phemie seems to have set you down for an unmistakeble bachelor," Lady Royston said, with a smile. "It has startled her to hear you were a Benedict."

"Such is the case, unfortunately."

"Unfortunately?"

"That was my word. My wife, for aught I know, lives still, and my daily hope, my nightly prayer, is that I may never see her again."

He looked at Lady Euphemia, who was still looking at him with a puzzled expression on her face.

"It is true," he said; mine was one of those marriages that Providence sometimes permits for some inscrutable purpose of its own—a marriage that seemed to promise unalloyed happiness, the joy of heaven almost; but it turned out of the earth earthy, and dissolved itself, as such unions sometimes do, by a sudden snap. Nothing can unite us again, and I pray we may never meet."

"And you do not know where the lady is?"

"I do not; I have not heard of her for a long time. I have not spoken of this to Miss Burgoyne, Lady Royston—indeed, but few of my friends know anything of this black page in the book of my life. It was not necessary they should."

"Be sure no one shall know from us. I am sorry you should have such a secret to keep for your own sake."

Somehow, they both liked this grave, elderly looking Mark Douglas, who had come to fill the place of Bracy Burgoyne. The resemblance to the dead man was not so marked after a time as at first sight. So many little Americanisms kept cropping up, and he displayed now and then an ignorance of ways and manners in Europe that made him seem very different to the polished, easy mannered Bracy Burgoyne of the old times that seemed so long ago now.

"To think of him being married and parted from his wife," said Lady Royston, after they had bidden him good bye and seen him start for India, with the little parcel and many loving messages for the duke, under his care. "Well, he looks like a man with a history, doesn't he, Phemie?"

"A history, yes, a bitter one; but I cannot understand it. I can't believe it."

"Believe what?"

"What he said about his wife. How was it? How could she?"

"How could she leave him, do you mean? Didn't like him I suppose. Everybody's taste isn't the same. He seems a nice fellow. I hope Castletowers will like him."

Lady Euphemia made no answer. She wasn't quite clear in her own mind what she did mean—at least she could not explain to her aunt. She half wished she had not sent Mr. Douglas to her brother. Castletowers was very fastidious, she said to her aunt, who returned that Lionel ought to be ashamed of himself if he was too fastidious to know such a man as Mark Douglas.

That gentleman reached India without let or hindrance, and by and by sent Lady Euphemia a polite little note to say that he had done her behest and delivered her parcel, and was very much obliged to her for her letter of introduction to her brother.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARK DOUGLAS THINKS HE HAD BETTER MOVE ON.

Oh, pardon me; the madness of the hour
When first I parted from you moves me yet.
—*Tennyson.*

Mr. Douglas had other letters of introduction besides the pretty little note from Lady Euphemia Breakspeare to her brother, and he very soon found himself amongst friends. The duke was away in Calcutta for a few days, but two or three officers of his regiment were among those to whom he was introduced, and he spent a very pleasant time in the city rendered so memorabel by the terrible events of the mutiny. It was many years past then, but the memory of it was fresh in the minds of every one who had friends in India, and traces of the horrors of the dark time of massacre and misrule were yet to be seen in the cantonments and the British part of the city.

Railway works were in progress almost everywhere now, and Mark Douglas had accepted a post of considerable truth and some little danger. His surveyorship would take him far away from towns and settlements, and leave him very often, with a very small band of Englishmen, at the mercy of the swarms of natives which seem necessary for any work out there.

His business in Cawnpore and Lucknow was to confer with a firm of engineers in the latter place about the road which was projected between the two towns.

The principal men of the firm visited and were friendly with all the officers, and assured Mark Douglas that he would find the Duke of Castletowers a very nice fellow.

"He's very strict and regimental, I hear," the senior partner said, "and strangely wedded to his military duties. It is very odd in so young a man; but the story goes that he is a misanthrope, and that blighted love sent him out here. I suspect that tale has arisen from the fact of his not mixing in society much, and rather avoiding ladies than otherwise. I am glad you have an introduction to him. He will be a useful man to know."

There was something of nervousness in the manner of the stranger as he approached the bungalow of the Duke of Castletowers. His heart beat very fast, and the hand that held the light cane he carried trembled visibly. He hardly looked so well in the white *khakee* clothing he wore as in the tweed broadcloth of European costume. His excessive pallor and his white hair made it unbecoming to him.

The resemblance he bore to his dead cousin was very much less than when he appeared in English attire, and would hardly have been noticed at all now.

He looked about him at the evidence of wealth and comfort on every side. The cushions and lounges in the verandah, the splendidly-furnished rooms he could see through the open windows, and the troops of servants waiting about all in white, with turbans of the Breakspeare colors, crimson and gold twisted together, with the motto, "True to his tryst," on an armlet in gold letters on a crimson ground, all spoke of unlimited wealth, and a taste for the elegances that gold alone can buy.

A tall, bearded man, of grave mien and aristocratic bearing, rose from among the group of white-clad domestics at the door, and with a lowly salaam, begged to know what the sahib wanted.

Mark Douglas presented his card and his credentials, and was asked to wait in a luxurious room, where books and papers lay scattered in profusion.

Presently he heard a voice say, "In my study Abdoul," and the aristocratic servant came out again, and with many bows, requested him to walk into the sahib's study, where he would come to him in a few minutes. Then he brought iced soda water and brandy, and begged the visitor to refresh himself, and all with the air of a man who feels and shares the hospitality of a thoroughly courteous master.

Study was hardly the name for this sanctum of the duke. It was his private room—the holy of holies of his household, where he gathered round him all his most precious things. There was a picture of Castletowers on the wall, and portraits of his father and mother on each side of it. The pretty face of Lady Euphemia looked down from over his writing table, with Lady Royston by her side, and directly under the drawing of Castletowers there was a little photograph of Mrs. Caterham—a prim, stiff, unflattering little picture, but a very fair likeness of the old lady, and the knowledge of where that picture hung, and of the kindly love that had placed it there, made the old woman's heart leap in far-away England every time she thought of it.

The visitor mused on these home surroundings while he waited for his grace. Colonel of a regiment and martinet though he might be, he was evidently tenderly thoughtful of home and home associations. Mark Douglas looked all round, and came to a recess between two windows where one picture hung alone—an exquisitely tinted drawing, and he could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise when he recognised Ferndale Hollow, the house he had so lately inherited from his cousin.

Not Ferndale as he had seen it, with closed windows, trampled flower beds, and untrimmed lawn, but Ferndale in the full flush of its beauty, looking as it did on the day when Lady Euphemia had driven there to pay her memorable visit to Mrs. Barbara Hepburn. The artist had caught and blended the various hues of the little landscape with consummate skill, and the name written in the corner showed that the duke must have paid a high price for the picture, for it was one in great repute in the artist world—a man who wrote A. R. A. after his name, and commanded fancy prices for whatever he chose to put on his canvas.

Underneath this painting was an ivory table inlaid with gold—a fragile, costly thing, just large enough to hold a single ornament, and of most exquisite workmanship. It was the most beautiful piece of inlaid and carved work that Mark Douglas had ever seen, and he stooped to examine it more closely. There was something on the table—a small object, over which a small square of lace in gold and silk thread was thrown. In bending over it, his sleeve touched the light material and it slipped off, leaving him transfixed before what had lain hidden under it.

It was a small stand, like an easel, supporting an oval frame mounted in the duke's colors. Round the frame the motto, "True to his tryst," was enamelled in tiny crystals, that flashed back the sun's rays like diamonds. In the centre looked out at him the face of Circe. Not the Circe of the picture at Castletowers, with its eyes full of evil triumph, and its attitude and attire alike voluptuous; but a face of surpassing beauty, eyes of melting tenderness, and one exquisitely shaped hand holding together a cloud of white drapery at the throat, above which the lovely head, with its floating golden hair, rose like some fair vision.

Mark Douglas must have been very much struck by this picture, as indeed most men were who were permitted to see it, for he stood before it spellbound, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, till a voice said, close to his elbow—

"Mr. Douglas, I presume."

He turned and confronted the Duke of Castletowers—an improved edition of the Lionel Breakspeare of the opening of our story. If blighted love had sent him out to India, he showed no trace of it in his face or bearing. The white clothing, with its gold knot buttons and the belt which he wore, became him admirably, and he looked every inch a duke. There was a slight frown on his face as he saw the uncovered picture.

"I am Mark Douglas," his visitor said. "I crave your pardon, my lord, for appearing to be examining this portrait. I accidentally brushed away the covering."

"Pray don't apologize, I beg," the duke said, courteously; "and sit down, Mr. Douglas. It is I who should apologize to you for having a drawing of your property here. You have only just come from America, I believe?"

"Scarcely three months since, your grace."

"Ah, then you will not have heard, I daresay. Ferndale Hollow is very dear to me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you will understand how dear when I tell you that the only woman I ever loved lived and died in that house of yours."

"Indeed, your grace. I was not aware—"

"No, of course not. The circumstances were very painful. That is the lady's portrait. I tell you because I should like to buy Ferndale of you. I should like to keep it up as a memorial of her, my lost darling."

Mark Douglas was always colorless, but his pallor increased till his face seemed to turn ashen gray.

"I cannot sell Ferndale even to you," he said, in a husky voice. "It will be well kept up, but I do not intend to part with it. My lawyer told me of your wish to purchase it."

"And I hoped, when I heard you were coming to this country, that I should be able to prevail on you to let me have it."

"I should like to oblige your grace—in any other matter I would, but not that. I must keep Ferndale for myself."

His voice was husky and broken. Some painful emotion seemed to be stirring him, and the duke felt rather uncomfortable, he scarce knew why.

"I fear I have inadvertently touched upon a topic that is painful," he said. "Of course I cannot know what reason you have for wishing to keep the place. Pray let us drop the subject and talk about something else—at any rate, for the present."

He tried all he could to set Mark Douglas at his ease by talking of his sister and Lady Royston, and asking all sorts of questions about Castletowers and Mrs. Caterham, for whom he assured his visitor he entertained a most tender regard. He put the pretty little locket Lady Euphemia had sent him on his watch chain, and drew his guest out to talk of her; but somehow nothing could drive away the strange expression that had come into the pale face, nor bring the voice back to its tone. It seemed as though Mr. Douglas had received some sudden shock, the effect of which he could not shake off.

He dined at the mess, an honored and *feted* guest, and made himself very agreeable; but his last thought before retiring to rest was of the miniature, and the picture of Ferndale he had seen in the duke's sitting room. He had seen the original in the gallery at Castletowers, and could well picture what manner of woman Circe was. "Well named," he murmured, as he puffed his cigar in the smoking room of his hotel. "She looks like a woman who could lure a man to his ruin, make a beast of him, and then laugh at the ruin she had wrought. No, my lord duke, I can't let you have Ferndale even for Circe's sake, though the house is made sacred to you by her life and death."

He did not stay long in Cawnpore, and only paid one more visit to the Duke of Castletowers, who, however, gave him some valuable introductions to native princes, and some very useful hints about the manners and customs of the country which was becoming a second home to him.

Lucknow was Mark Douglas' next destination, and he arrived there on the very night on which Honore Chantrelle's deception was unmasked by Mrs. Lefevre. He made no calls that night, and heard no news; but he made up his mind to pay a round of calls the next day.

"And then, hey for Loodhiana!" he said to himself, as he retired for the night. "The natives and the very heart of heathendom are the best things for me. I don't seem to have much place among my fellow-men. I wonder why I didn't die in that sickness of mine? Fellows with homes, and wives, and families, and happiness to boot, die every day and leave them lamenting, while poor devils with none, are left to crawl weakly and wearily through life, a misery to themselves and every one else."

He fell into a train of uncomfortable musing, which would not let him rest, and the howls of the jackalr, and the sharp barking of the pariah dogs in the streets of the town, made sleep impossible. So he got up, and stepping carefully over the recumbent forms of the native servants who seemed to occupy every spare corner, he made his way into the street. It was intensely dark, but the air was fresh and cool, and seemed pleasant to his heated face and hands.

"I mustn't lose myself," he muttered. "But there, it will be daylight soon, so it does not signify. I beg your pardon, I am sure!"

For he had run against some one in the dark—a woman, with her face muffled up in a mantle, who was rushing on with bent head as if she was in a desperate hurry.

"I beg yours," she said, to his amazement, thereby proving she was an English woman.

What could she be doing there at that time of night?

"I have lost myself, I think," she said, hurriedly.

"Your voice tells me you are English. Can you tell me the way to the dak bungalow?"

"I do not know. I am a stranger here," he replied, in a hoarse voice. "Who are you? Let me look at you!"

He grasped her dress, but she wrenched it from his hand, and was gone before he had recovered his wits.

He felt for the low wall of an enclosure by which he was passing, and sat down upon it.

"I am going mad—I must be," he said to himself, "or else the very air of this country conjures up exasperating fiends to torture me. Mark Douglas, the sooner you are out of Lucknow and on your way to Loodhiana the better."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME YEARNINGS.

Back, ye loved, come home—the hour
Of many a greeting tone;
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns, and ye are gone,
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens mid the gloom.
—*Hemans.*

The woman who brushed past Mark Douglas vanished as though she had sunk into the earth. In reality she had only turned into an opening which was in deep shadow, and which led straight into the midst of the Sudder Bazaar.

He had no idea of the localities of the town, and man of intellect though he was, he began to feel as though he were bewitched. He groped his way back to his hotel and shut himself up in his room, making up his mind to shorten his stay in Lucknow, and get up the country, and to his work as soon as possible.

He presented one or two of his letters of introduction to people whom it was necessary he should know, and transacted what business he had in the town, and in the course of it he heard incidentally that a young French lady was missing from the cantonments.

She had turned out an adventuress, an imposter, and everything that was wicked, and was going to be handed over to the civil powers as soon as she could be caught.

Mr. Douglas had other thoughts to occupy his mind than any cogitations about this missing sinner.

"I daresay that was the young lady I ran against last night," he thought to himself; "and my own thoughts and fancies conjured up the vision she brought with her. It's no business of mine."

And so he held his tongue, and went his way to Loodhiana, and the search for Honore Chantrelle went on without success, and was presently abandoned as useless.

Mr. Saltire was a little self-condemnatory about it, thinking, as only soft-hearted people will, that he had been a little hard, and as for Mara, she kept her and every one around her in such a state of agitation and excitement that the chaplain and his wife very often wished that the deception had never been found out, and that Honore was with them once more to keep their wayward child in order.

There were two people in the city who could have told, not precisely where she was gone, for that she did not reveal to any one, but enough about her to have ensured her being caught and brought back, had they been asked, or chosen to speak. But no one thought of them, and their lips were sealed by a golden key, for Honore Chantrelle had powerful motives for requiring their assistance.

There was an old negro and his wife who kept a shop in the bazaar. Not "niggers" in the common acceptation of the term in India, where it means natives; but genuine negroes from a North American plantation, where they had been slaves.

Romeo and Juliet some one had christened them in the old stormy days across the sea, and Romeo and Juliet they were still, though they had thought it becoming to have a surname, and called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. It was doubtless gratifying to their feelings, but the name belonged solely to themselves, and was never used by any one else.

Honore Chantrelle had struck up quite

an intimacy with the queer old couple. They kept many things in their little square box of a shop that were useful to her; and she visited them often. She liked the quaint stories they told, and the queer plantation songs the old man would quaver out at the top of his cracked voice, and they liked her.

She was open-handed and generous, and moreover she treated them with the most profound respect, even to the length of saying Mr. Hopkins now and then to old Romeo without the least indication of a smile.

The worthy couple were gone to bed, and peacefully dreaming on this eventful night, when a stealthy footstep sounded outside, and a light tap came on the shutter which secured them from the gaze of the outside world.

The few moments that elapsed before they roused themselves sufficiently to answer her seemed an age of suspense to Honore Chantrelle, for she was the intruder.

"Oh, if they shouldn't wake, and I should get caught before they open the door!" she murmured. "I must trust to them; I know of no one else who can help me."

But nobody seemed to be following her; and presently she heard a movement inside the little shop, and Juliet's voice inquired who was there.

"I—Honore Chantrelle," she answered in a low voice.

"Who?"

The woman could not believe her ears, and Honore repeated her words.

"Let me in, for heaven's sake, Juliet!" she said, "I'll tell you all about it when I'm safe inside."

"But my ole man's in bed," responded Juliet, in consternation, "and there's no place for misses to sit down."

"Never mind so you let me in," said Honore, in desperation.

And with many a muttered exclamation of astonishment, Juliet opened the door and admitted Honore to the presence of Romeo, who, tucked up in bed, with nothing but his face visible, regarded the proceedings with a ludicrous expression of wonder and surprise.

In a very few words Honore explained what she wanted. She had left Mr. Saltire's house—she could not explain why, now—and she wanted shelter and concealment for a few hours, a native woman's dress, and absolute silence and secrecy on their parts respecting her movements.

She could afford to pay them, and if she succeeded in the plans she had formed for herself, they should have more money than ever they dreamed of in their lives, and a shop stocked so as to be the envy of all the bazaar.

Juliet thought for a little while before she answered.

"You be quiet, ole man," she said, as her husband would have spoken from the bed. "You don't know nuffin 'bout young missie's business. It won't get us into trouble, will it, hinny?"

"Not unless money is trouble," replied Honore, shortly. "You'll be well paid for all you do."

"You haven't beaf doing nuffin to run away for?"

"I haven't robbed any one, or set Mr. Saltire's house on fire, or murdered them all in their beds, if that's what you mean, Juliet. He and I had a difference of opinion, that's all. Will you help me, Juliet, or must I go and seek assistance from some one else?

"Oh yes, we'll help missie," said Romeo from his couch. He was in an agony of fear lest his better half should let any money slip through her fingers. "We'll do all missie wants. Julie means to all de while, but she's slow and aggravating, she is whiles."

Juliet gave him a most energetic pinch, but she acquiesced in his words, nevertheless.

"Yes, we'll do it, missie," she said, holding up her light and scanning Honore's face attentively.

It seemed to puzzle her, somehow.

"Why do you look at me like that, Julie?" the girl asked. "What is the matter?"

"It is missie's face I look at."

"What ails it?"

"It is so white—like wax."

"I've put up with enough to-night to make you turn white, you black diamond," Honore said with a weary smile.

And Juliet laughed merrily and showed her white teeth at the idea, for she was a full negress, with the blood of a long line of royal savages in her veins, and as black as her own carefully-polished little stove.

Then they fell to talking of terms, and Honore produced quite sufficient money to satisfy all their demands for the services she wanted at their hands.

And so it came about that when news of her having run away was being commented on in the bazaar, and talked of outside the establishment of her black friend, she was lying *perdu* behind the curtain which concealed Juliet's domestic arrangements from the public eye, making up for the loss of her night's rest, and waiting for a favorable opportunity to escape.

She heard both Romeo and Juliet volubly deny having seen her when inquiries were made, and fib as though the Father of Lies were at their elbow in her behalf. No trace of Honore Chantrelle could be found, but in the evening Juliet went with a respectable native woman to the dak bungalow, and took a place in a dak for Cawnpore.

The native wore a dark blue petticoat and a white *rasai*, which completely covered her head and shoulders, leaving not a feature visible except her dark eyes. Juliet heaved a sigh of relief when she was gone.

"Is missie a witch, I wonder, that she can change her skin like a chameleon?" she said to herself. "And her—— Well, well, it's no business of old Julie's, so she does not change the money too. What I have seen I have seen, and forgotten too. She has paid me to forget."

There was no witchcraft in the money she had received from Honore Chantrelle. It did not turn to withered leaves, or spirit itself away in any unearthly fashion; but part of it appeared on her head the next day, in the shape of a flaming yellow turban with red spots—a piece of finery which made Julie very proud, and excessively haughty to such poor women of her acquaintance as were turbanless, or only poorly supplied in that way.

Lionel, Duke of Castletowers, sat alone in his pretty room the evening after Honore's escapade. He had not felt inclined for a mess dinner, and had made Abdoul wait upon him with a somewhat mixed repast at home.

A mass of papers and letters lay upon his table, for the mail had just come in, and brought all his home correspondence with it. His thoughts were gone homeward to-night, for somehow or other all the letters seemed to touch the same chord—his probable return. There was one from Mrs. Caterham—a quaint little composition, but with a few lines at the end of earnest expostulation and entreaty:

"If your grace could only see your way clear to come home, I should be a happy woman. I think Castletowers is suffering from being shut up, but we do our best to keep it in order."

And Lady Royston, from Florence, took up the parable in the same way:

"DEAR LIONEL:—Do come home. Forgive me for saying it, but I think it is the duty of every man in your position—and there are few enough of them, heaven knows—to live at home sometimes, and not leave them to the bats and the owls. I don't mean your prime favorite, Caterham, and her staff when I say this—they are as notable as need be; but seriously, you ought to come. Castletowers as it is now is a disgrace to a noble name like yours, and I know the report is going about that money, not love, was the cause of your exile, and that you are so helplessly involved that you cannot keep your father's house as a duke should. Come home and give the tittle-tattlers the lie, and look after Phemie. She's quite well, and much less misanthropical than she was. I've great hopes of her becoming sensible at last, and marrying, after all. What do you think of Mr. Mark Douglas? I don't know what he has to do with it, but Phemie has changed from the time she saw him. She seems to be getting rid of her whims, and to act like other girls."

"I'm glad of it," the duke said to himself, as he laid the letter down. "I shouldn't like my pretty Phemie to be an old maid. My lady speaks plainly, but to the point. So Castletowers is a disgrace to my name, and I'm supposed to be too poor to live in my own house? I could go home and give them the lie. I've a great mind to do it—to fill Castletowers with guests, and make the whole country ring with the doings of the richest peer, bar two, in all England. Richest!" he repeated, in a tone that fell into a wailing sadness that was pitiful to hear from young, fresh manhood like his. "Nay, poorest, for all my wealth, all my dukedom cannot buy me back my dead love!"

He took the miniature from the table, and pressed it fondly and passionately to his lips.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured, and then he placed it on his writing table, and leaning on his elbows, gazed at it as if from his strong vitality he could breath life into it, like a Frankenstein. "My own Hilda!" he murmured. "If the dead are permitted to know what passes in this lower world, you know what my love has been. Oh, darling if you could only come back to me—only brush my lips in passing with your angel wings—'twould ease the pain at my heart and give me peace."

A slight rustle in the room made him turn his head. As if in answer to his aspiration, Hilda Sforza herself stood behind his chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININITIES.

Beautiful women can always afford to dress simply.

A woman loses one-tenth of her life in looking for her thimble.

New York has twice as many female printers as five years ago.

New York City claims to have an excess of ten thousand marriageable women.

When is a lady like a show-window? When she takes great pains with her sash.

The Higher Education of Women—Learning how to walk in French boots with six inch heels.

A Boston husband disguised himself and called on his wife. She soon fell in love and in three weeks ran away with him. She found out—they live separately.

A Western man has invented something that beats the telephone. He proposed to put in a line of women, fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a secret.

A lady was surprised on the occasion of her wedding to receive as a present an article of silver she had presented to a bride six months ago. This shows how hard the times are.

Why are single women called spinsters? Formerly women could not legally marry until they had spun a complete set of bed furniture, hence the term spinster, which is still in legal use.

There was a great deal of theology in the idea of the little girl who wished she could be good without obeying her grandmother. She said it was easy enough to read books and pray, but it was pretty hard to mind grandmother.

"Ma," said a little urchin, peeping beneath the bed-clothes, "I am cold; I want some more cover on the bed." "Lie still, my dear," said the mother, "until your sister comes home from church; she has got the comforter for a bustle."

Much intellect is not an advantage in courtship. General topics interfere with particular attentions. A man, to be successful in love, should think only of himself and his mistress. Lovers are never tired of each other's company, because they are always talking of themselves.

They were walking arm-in-arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a new princess dress. The setting sun was gilding the western heavens, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a subdued tone, "Isn't it lovely?"—"Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion; "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her a bit." He shuddered.

An extremely significant custom in observed by a race of girls which we call barbarians. When lovers present themselves they put a live coal into the hand of each, and the one who holds it longest wins a wife. There is a great deal of honesty in this practice which is to be commended. They make it hot for a man before marriage instead of after. Our customs are entirely different, for the young girls nowa-days put a smile in your hand first and the live coal afterwards. This is called domestic bliss.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, that so much pleases a loving husband as to observe that his wife is so devoted to him that she interests herself in every detail of his affairs. The slightest cloud of doubt, however, of the tenderness of her affection cross his mind, when she constantly importunes him not to permit his life-insurance to lapse by failure to regularly pay the premium.

ENVY is the most inexcusable of all the passions. Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for a while; the appetite may be satisfied; anger remits; hatred has an end; but envy never ceases.

DELAY.

To-morrow, to-morrow, not to-day!
'Tis thus the idle ever say:
To-morrow I will strive anew,
To-morrow I will seek instruction,
To-morrow I will shun destruction,
To morrow this and that will do.

And wherefore not to-day? To-morrow
For thee will also be too narrow,
To every day it's task allot!
Whate'er is done, is done for ever,
Thus much I know; but whatsoever
May hap to-morrow I know not.

On! on! or thou wilt be retreating,
For all our moments quicky fleeting
Advance, nor backwards more incline:
What we possess alone is ours,
The use we make of present hours;
For can I call the future mine?

And every day, thus vainly fleeting,
Is in the volume of my being
A page unwritten, blank, and void;
Then write on its unsullied pages
Deeds to be read by coming ages
He every day alike employed.

A Close Shave.

Some years ago I was accountant at the Yokohama branch of one of our great Indian banks. At the time of which I am writing the natives of Japan had not entirely lost that simplicity which made them pay so dearly for the civilization they now strut about in. The character of the lower classes had not yet been altered by innovation and reform, and the commercial relations between the sons of Niphon and the traders of the West resembled very much those which Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker describes as existing between the Dutch traders and the aboriginal Americans under the happy reign of Van Twiller. Difficulties arose occasionally; for John Bull, wherever he has planted his foot, has shown himself generally to be a bit of a bully; and the Japanese, a high-spirited and warlike race, occasionally resented attempts at bullying by drawing their swords in remote, unfrequented places on solitary, defenceless foreigners; the result of which was that Her Britannic Majesty's *charge d'affaires*, with very plausible grounds of excuse, generally extorted a pretty round sum from the native government, and by thus appealing to the touchiest point of the Japanese—their purses—procured for a certain interval tranquillity and peace. However, the Japanese soon saw that the Western barbarians really meant nothing worse than trade and barter, so they dropped their price and their swords, and descended to the arena on equal terms.

Trade was then good; there was less rivalry amongst bankers and merchants than at present, the greed for gain had not yet turned the heads of the natives, tea and silk paid well, and our half-yearly balance-sheets generally showed well on the right side. We had plenty of work to do, but we also had plenty of leisure, and at most times one of our staff could leave his duties for a few days' ramble up the country, or a yachting expedition down the bay. For the information of those unacquainted with the office arrangements of the far East, it may be stated that all offices are divided in two distinct sections—the European and the Asiatic. In the European department are the manager or principal, the juniors, and the Portuguese clerks. All the head and book work is done here; there is no paying coin over the counter, or, in fact, any contact with the outer world beyond the mere inspection of drafts and cheques handed in for payment. In the Asiatic section are the comprador, a Chinaman, generally speaking, the petty king of the whole establishment; the "shroffs," also Chinamen, who are the actual receiving and paying cashiers, and who have absolute charge of the counter business, subject, of course, to subsequent checking by the Europeans; and the Japanese coolies. At our bank a European always superintended the weighing of all dollars received during the day at the termination of business hours, saw them packed, and locked up in the treasury. Beyond this there was little interference with the hard money arrangements on the part of the Europeans; and hence the comprador and schroffs were chosen, not only for their intimate knowledge of all the ins and outs of exchange, and of the thousand and one dodges of the natives, but for their good birth, education, and respectability.

The tea season was well advanced and we were fairly busy; the weather was oppressively hot in our dusty settlement, so the European junior had a fortnight's leave for a ramble up country. I, as accountant, did his work as well as my own, and amongst the extra duties which devolved on me was the weighing of the dollars every evening, and seeing them safely locked up in the treasury. As I went into the office one morning, the comprador met me at the door, grinning all over with excitement, and pointing to a paragraph in the daily paper, which announced that one of the great native banks in Curio Street had been robbed of some five thousand pounds' worth of gold coin, and that no trace had yet been found either of the robbers or their booty, remarked: "I think that belong number one clever robbery. S'pose we no can keep sharp look-out allo same happen to us." So I thought, and gave orders that the "mooban" or night-gate guard should be doubled, that the treasury locks should be seen to, and that every precaution should be taken to guard against nocturnal visits.

One evening, some weeks after this, when autumn had fairly arrived and the days began to draw in, the comprador told me as we were putting the dollars into the treasury—I had got the notion into my head that I would see them in every night myself, notwithstanding that my junior had long since returned—that some Japanese of high birth and rural position, who had never been into a European settlement before, wished very much to see our treasury, which, from its strength and extent, had gained a name as one of the sights of Yokohama. After consulting with the manager, I acceded to the request, and was introduced to the visitors. They were three in number—a burly, simple-looking old man; his wife, a buxom damsel, many years younger; and a slim, wiry youth, with sharp restless eyes, which seemed utterly at variance with his clownishly-cut clothes, and who seemed to be a sort of henchman or feudal retainer. They were soon in raptures over the big iron gates, the complicated locks, the solid plates of the walls, ceiling and flooring, the symmetrical rows of dollar-bags, and the general appearance of security and strength. None more so than the slim retainer, who was even ultra-Japanese in his curiosity, for he inspected locks and bolts, thumped and stamped on iron plates, and enquired incessantly into the dimensions and thickness of the walls, required minute explanation about the foundations—and all with the most artless Boeotian air imaginable. I, as showman, allowed them to inspect everything to their hearts' content, carefully, however, inserting myself between them and the dollar bags, for I had but little faith in the immaculate character even of high-bred, rustic Japanese, especially when I called to mind the late great robbery. They must have remained a long half-hour before I suggested that they should come round to the "Junior Hong;" and, as I locked the treasury doors behind them, I think I recollect a twinkle in the eyes of the old comprador as he prepared to take himself off to his opium-pipe behind. However I treated them to a bottle of Heidsieck, filled their pouches with Bristol birdseye, and said good-bye in the most affectionate manner at the gates. Then I started for a spin on the running-path, as our annual athletic sports were shortly coming off, and I was in hard-training.

It was pretty dark as I came back. Yokohama in those days could not boast of a solitary street oil-lamp, much less a gas-jet, and we had literally to feel our way with the uncertain aid of lanterns from house to house. Still it was not so dark but that I could distinguish three figures on the pathway opposite, in front of a large bungalow, which had been to let for some months past—a large house, with a prolific garden in front, in the midst of which was a huge azalea-bush, another of the sights of Yokohama. The three figures were close together; I could distinguish two men and a woman; and, unless my eyes played me wofully false, they were my rustic friends of the afternoon. However, I thought no more about it, and turned in to dinner. In another day or two we heard the bungalow opposite had been let to a highly respectable firm of Japanese merchants, who intended to live there in European style. Workmen were to be seen day and night, repairing, repainting, and generally doing up the place; brand-new furniture was discharged at the doors in van-loads; the garden, which had become neglected and overgrown with weeds, was replanted and trimmed up; and in a very short time the mouldy old residence had assumed a spick-and-span appearance, which made it a prominent feature on the road.

Matters went on in the usually somewhat monotonous fashion of Yokohama at this season of the year; no more big robberies had been reported, nevertheless I still kept the double guard on the bank premises, and never lost sight of the idea, that any relaxation of vigilance might lure daring schemers to make an attempt on our dollar-bags one of these dark autumn evenings.

One evening I was returning from my usual spin on the running-path, and was passing the gate of the bungalow in front of our bank, when something struck me as peculiar in the aspect of the place. On nearer examination, I found that the giant azalea-bush had disappeared. At five o'clock, when I left the bank, I could swear it was there, but as I now peered through the bars of the gate, there was certainly nothing to be seen. This was very extraordinary, for the Japanese are such intense lovers of all that is striking, or picturesque, or beautiful in nature, that the removal of an object such as this gigantic azalea, merely for the sake of convenience, would be in their eyes a gross act of vandalism. I was looking farther into the garden to see if by chance it had been transplanted, and at the end of the piece of ground another unaccountable sight presented itself. Through a side entrance coolies were unloading a cart of dollar-boxes as fast as they could, and by the uncertain glimmer of a lantern, I could see that the man in the cart was my hurly visitor of some time previous, and that the man at the house-door was he of the sharp eyes and inquisitive turn of mind, associated with the same visit. What did this mean? If men wanted dollar-boxes in the ordinary course of business, they had them in during the day-time, and not at seven o'clock in the evening. Besides, what could tea and silk dealers want with dollar-boxes? At the time, I put the disappearance of the azalea-bush down to the energy with which the proprietors of the house were embracing foreign notions—the dollar-box question was too much for me.

Judge of my surprise, when the next morning I beheld the azalea-bush in its accustomed place! I certainly wasn't in any way affected by liquor the previous evening, for I was in strict training, and the disappearance of a huge azalea bush would have been a trick too great, even for the eyes of a drunken man to be deceived by it. Putting this and the dollar-box business together, I am sorry to say that I began to suspect my rustic friends, but I resolved to wait till the evening in order to have my suspicions verified. True enough, as I passed the gate at the same hour as on the previous evening, the azalea-bush was gone, and nothing but a bare uneven space marked its site.

Well, I knew that azalea-bushes are not, even in eccentric Japan, put out during the daytime, and taken in at night to nurse like tender, delicate exotics, so I called the comprador, told him what I had remarked, and desired him to watch for a night. He told the same story, and my suspicions were confirmed, that something of an extraordinary nature was going on somewhere in the neighborhood of the bungalow over the way.

I set men to watch for the actual operation of carting away the bush, but on the nights when they watched it remained undisturbed. One man reported that at midnight he had seen the glim of lanterns flitting about in the garden, had heard voices and the sounds of digging, and I watched myself for a night or two, but saw or heard nothing.

I put the native police on the scent, but nothing came of it, and I began to think that, after all, it was merely a piece of Japanese eccentricity.

In about a week the athletic sports came off, which meant two half-holidays for the whole settlement, during which time Chinamen devoted their attention to opium-smoking and sleeping, and Japanese to drinking and lounging in wine-shops. On the evening of the last day, to celebrate the victories won, and the cessation from the bondage of training, we of the "Junior Hong" gave a big dinner. It was a cold, wet night in November, and after a good bout at loo and vingt-et-un, we were seated in the drawing-room, talking about the funny phases of our Yokohama life; of the fires, of the stories of men cut down and robbed by Japanese in lonely places, of the extremely clever way in which the Curio street bankers had been relieved of their gold, of the game laws, of the absurd opposition offered by the government to Europeans going up country, and of a hundred other things, when a boy came in, and whispered in my ear that the comprador wished to see me. In the passage I found the old man, trembling from head to foot with excitement, and utterly unable to articulate a syllable. He seized me by the arm, hurried me downstairs through our strip of garden to the gate, and pointed to the bungalow opposite. The rain had changed to snow, and the keen wind blew down the street in fitful gusts, driving the snow into our faces. Through the mist and snowflakes, after some peering, I could make out the occasional glint of a lantern on the other side, and when the wind lulled for a moment, fancied I heard a grating sound, as of something being dug and shovelled up, immediately under our feet. If I hadn't been told that such a noise had been distinctly heard during the evening by one of the coolies on watch, I do not suppose I should have noticed it, but as I now listened, it was very palpable.

It was all very mysterious; but I had long been suspicious, and, as I was now certain that something unusual was taking place, I came to the conclusion that the treasury of the bank should be looked at. So I sent upstairs for the manager, placed the comprador at the door, ordered all lights to be kept hidden, despatched a messenger to the European police-station for a constable in case of need, and when the manager arrived, armed myself with a dark lantern and gently unlocked the treasury. As we peered through the iron bars into the blackness we distinctly heard the shovelling and digging sound, now much nearer. Enjoining strict silence on the part of the Chinamen and coolies outside, we entered. As yet nothing had been touched. We were, at all events, first in the field.

We trod very gently, the lantern half-darkened, and ensconced ourselves behind a row of dollar-bags. We waited fully half an hour; we could still hear the subterranean noises, but, beyond this and the occasional howl of the elements outside, there was not a sound. Suddenly we heard a very gentle tap in the very middle of the treasury, about three feet in front of our rampart of bags; then another; then a regular series; then a sound as of the application of some lever power. We turned the lantern ray round about the floor, and beheld one of the big plates gradually being tilted up; the manager nudged me, and crept gently up to the spot. In a couple of minutes three sides of the plate were loose; a bony hand appeared, followed by a Japanese head. In an instant the manager had seized the head; I had jumped forward, turned the light full on, between us we had dragged up the remainder of our visitor's body, and in less than a minute I was smiling with grim satisfaction in the stupefied face of my slim and inquisitive visitor of some weeks previous. We gagged him, and tied him up in the office under a guard; the manager ran out at the gate into the garden opposite, taking with him the English constable, while I remained in the treasury.

In a few seconds I heard the sound of a scuffle, and a subsequent "Hurrah! we've got the lot!" and manager and constable appeared with the burly companion of the captive now under guard, and the fair-cheeked young wife who turned out to be a very ordinary peasant-man.

Our captives secured, I descended the hole in the treasury, found myself in a very neatly-constructed cavern, which led under the road into the opposite garden, and terminating with a shaft on the opposite side of the azalea-bush. Everything tended to show that the whole affair was a carefully-laid plan; and had it not been for the azalea-bush, another twenty-four hours would have seen us the losers of a good many thousand dollars.

In the bungalow we found boxes ready for the reception of the dollars and coin, probably the same I had noticed being uncarted, but there was no trace of any accomplice.

However, we handed the three clever rogues over to their countrymen for judgment, and they probably found rough accommodation, with an occasional taste of torturing thrown in, for some years at the institution at Tobe Hill. The old bungalow did not let again, but was pulled down and a substantial block of shops and offices erected on its site; so that nothing remains at present to remind the modern Yokohama banker of what we termed, when we told the story, "A close shave!"

GRAINS OF GOLD.

MAKE few promises.

HE who does no harm does nothing.

KEEP your own secrets if you have any.

DESPAIR has ruined some, but presumption multitudes.

TREES that bear double blossoms often bear no fruit at all.

AVOID temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it.

A GREAT sin is a course of wickedness abridged into one act.

WISDOM is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

WHEN you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

WE know accurately only when we know little; with knowledge doubt increases.

THE virtue of a man ought to be measured, not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his everyday conduct.

Do not permit yourself to be led away by the multitude, for you will be alone when you die and when you render your last account.

AMONG the more conspicuous monuments of human infatuation are many of the books written for the young, especially books of instruction.

PEOPLE are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them, as to forget that some one behind may at the same time be descanting on their own.

LIBERALITY, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and toward all men—these qualities are to the world what the linch-pin is to the rolling chariot.

ONE of the very hardest things for a man to do is to own that he has been in the wrong. But when he has done so, he has reached the supreme moment of his life. There then is hope for him.

THE love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valor so celebrated among men.

POVERTY is the grimmest foe the world holds; a serpent that stifles talent ere talent can rise, that blasts genius ere genius can be heard, that sows hot hate by a cold hearth, and that turns the germ of good into the giant of evil.

LET any one adopt the practice of reflecting every morning what must necessarily be done during the day, and then begin by doing the most important things first, leaving the others to take their chance of being done or left undone.

THE motives of the best actions will not bear too strong an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the distinction between virtue and vice.

NEWS OF INTEREST

—There are 403 active volcanoes in the world.

—The Papal expenditures are $8,000,000 a year.

—There are 27 applicants for the New Orleans Collectorship.

—Boston's first grain-laden steamer for France has just departed.

—A one legged man was arrested in Pittsburgh for kicking a boy.

—Quilting bees are being revived as an amusement in fashionable circles.

—Four-fifths of all the Baptists in the world are found in the United States.

—A thirteen months' old child, weight 100 pounds, is on exhibition in St. Louis.

—Harry Shannon, the boy orator, is dangerously ill of scarlet fever in Boston.

—Ten acres of mignonettes supply the bees of a Kern county (Cal.) man with food.

—All the families of the town of Danby, Vt., are related through cousins intermarrying.

—The works of the great gunmaker and manufacturer, Krupp, are insured for $9,000,000.

—Mr. Wallace, of Rowdon, N. S., has lost nine children within sixteen days; disease—diptheria.

—The Chinese believe that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper because it sings till it starves.

—The pine forests of this country will be exhausted in 30 to 50 years if some protection is not afforded.

—It is estimated that 750,000 people have signed the temperance pledge in Illinois during the year 1877.

—Six and a-half mills is the rate of taxation just fixed upon by the Democratic Legislature of South Carolina.

—Ex-Mayor Workman, of Montreal, has left $400,000, two-thirds of his property, to the public charities of that city.

—Deacon Block has been expelled from the Presbyterian church in Atlanta, Ga., for permitting a dance in his parlor.

—The young King of Spain proposes to guard himself against military uprisings by being the commander of his own army.

—A family near Evansville, Indiana, consisting of a father, mother, and son, have all committed suicide during the past four months.

—A lady in La Porte, Ind., came very near bleeding to death the day after she had 10 teeth drawn. She fainted 25 times in one evening.

—The drunkest young man picked up in Washington for a year had letters from 12 Senators recommending him as sober, steady and industrious.

—Many of the guns which the Turks surrendered to the Russians had English and American imprints, and, worst of all, had never been paid for.

—The phenomenon of a negro committing suicide, and for love, has just been witnessed in Virginia. It is said to be the first case of the kind on record.

—The New York chief of police avers that guilty persons always weep and betray great anxiety and mental distress, while the innocent are indignant but self-possessed.

—The oldest woman in the world is said to be Mrs. Perez, of Los Angeles, Cal., who has attained the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty. She is believed to be an orphan.

—Dr. Schliemann is building a house in Athens. He calls his daughter Andromache, and his servant-maids Penelope and Briseis, is proud of being an American citizen, and dislikes Germany.

—William Pavitt, of St. Paul, on being arrested for branding his unruly son's tongue with a hot iron, said that things had come to a pretty pass when a parent could not discipline his own children.

—A fool at New York challenges, through the newspapers, other fools to a cigar smoking match for $500 to $1,000 a side. He says he has smoked 100 cigars in twenty-three hours, and can beat that.

—A scene altogether new in this country, and probably never witnessed in any other civilized country, was witnessed a few days since at the funeral of Mr. Larz Anderson in Cincinnati, where eight of his nine sons bore their father to his last resting-place.

—It is said that when the King of Spain was recently at Barcelona, a working tailor commenced his harangue with these words: "If a workman may address a king." Alfonso XII., interrupting him, said, "Why not? We are both workmen. You make clothes, and I make order; but do not forget that my work permits you to enjoy the fruit of yours.

—Pope Pius IX. was very fond of billiards. He had a French table (without pockets) at the Vatican, and, when his health allowed it, used to play two or three games every evening before going to bed. He was not an early riser, and his habits had a great deal of the Italian indolence. He liked sweetmeats, pastry, and playful conversation. Wine he never touched at table, and he took all his meals alone, it being contrary to etiquette for any one, even a crowned head, to eat with the Supreme Pontiff.

—That Mr. Tennyson is sensitively reluctant to be seen is well-known; but there is something very funny in the following true incident: A young lady—a voracious young lady—was walking in the country lanes close to one of the Laureate's residences, when she met a gentleman, who at her approach deliberately took out a handkerchief and spread it over his face. Having had no intention of staring at the stranger, she marvelled at the evident measure of defence, and hurried past, not without trepidation, but the daughter of Eve, of course, turned round before he was out of sight, and beheld Mr. Tennyson going on his way unveiled.

—The late ex-Senator Wade, of Ohio, was forty-one years old when he married Miss Rosencrans, who was thirty-seven, and their married life extended over thirty-seven years. During all that time she was his very helpmeet and helpmate, acting as his secretary and reader. Senator Wade had an antipathy to writing and to searching books. This drudgery was cheerfully assumed by Mrs. Wade. When he had a great speech in hand it was his wife who furnished him with the materials, which he afterward arranged and systematized. Her skill, tact, industry, and patience are spoken of as being quite exceptional. Fortunate, indeed, was Mr. Wade in having such a better half.

SPRING.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The earth, brown and bare, is struggling to wear
Her dress of soft green,
And in sheen like a queen,
To gladden all eyes and smile away care;
Promising pleasure, pure without measure,
A hint of the Summer, the year's fairest treasure.

The germ in the mold its growth will unfold,
And coming to light,
Bless the sight with its bright
Beauty before us, to have and to hold;
Leaf and blossom will be on shrub and on tree,
While the birds will return and chant most merrily.

Come out from the Winter, so crusty and cold,
O worn heart, grown faint
With restraint or the taint
That griefs have held for us, or that they still hold,
And much that we grieve in the past we may leave,
And good we have lost we may slowly retrieve.

Despair not, for here we are but in the germ;
At morn we arise,
Ope' our eyes in surprise,
And then we are gone, for we serve but a term;
If we sigh or we sing, we but here fledge the wing:
Be merry and wise—this life is our Spring.

BITTER-SWEET;

Or, Robert Yorke's Fate and Fortune.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EDGED TOOLS," "KING COPHETUA; OR, RUBY NORTH'S LOVERS," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

And so she turned down the sunny street, where trees grew behind the old red-tiled houses, and stopped at Mrs. Allen's iron gate. Both gate and door stood wide-open. A child's toy lay on the grass-plot, and in a pair of toddling legs trotting down the street towards an organ that was grinding an Offenbachian measure, and in Mrs. Allen's cap-strings flying in pursuit, Miss Yorke saw the reason of the unguarded state of the house. She was equal to the occasion.

"There is no one to tell me whether Miss Carew is in or out," she decided boldly. "I will go up-stairs and wait."

Miss Yorke was on the little landing above by the time baby Allen was brought home struggling and roaring lustily; and, when the shutting of a door in the back regions deadened these sounds, the house was so still that she could hear the faint ticking of the clock on Olive's mantelpiece. After a ceremonious knock to which she received no answer, Miss Yorke opened the actress's door and walked in. A faint fragrance of violets was in the air, a white curtain moved slowly in the breeze at the open window, the usual litter of papers and books was on the table, a small half covered blue-satin boot, with the needle still sticking in it, lay on the window-ledge by Olive's chair.

Miss Yorke looked round her grimly. The smell of flowers in the room seemed like an affront to her. It was an immoral sort of thing, she considered, and savored of trashy novels and high flown airs. The cool April breeze had a rheumatic tendency, so the window was closed without ceremony, Miss Yorke eyeing the little boot the while, with a contemptuous "Humph!" and charitably deciding that it had been left there for effect. Robert made such a ridiculous fuss about the smallness of his sweetheart's foot.

"It matches his brain nicely," she said to herself wittily; and then—the opportunity was too tempting to be resisted—she began to make a tour of the little room, and to examine the countless little knick-knacks with which it was filled, handling them as gingerly as if she dreaded the infection of Bohemianism from their mere touch.

A large book of photographs lay open on the piano. Miss Yorke adjusted her gold eye-glasses and turned the pages, with a silent protest against their contents in every line of her face. Olive Carew in every imaginable dress and attitude, each one prettier and more graceful than the last—that was what the big book—the Doctor's gift—amounted to; Olive in a coquettish Watteau dress, with mittens and powdered hair, and an arch smile in her beautiful eyes; Olive crazy in white drapery and long densely-falling hair, offering the beholder "pansies for thoughts," with a piteous air of entreaty; Olive as a saint with holy uplifted gaze and folded hand; Olive in a riding-habit; Olive in a yachting costume; Olive as a nun; Olive as a boy, as a queen, as a gipsy, in picturesque rags, in a ball-dress, in her old black gown.

With an impatient exclamation Miss Yorke shut up the book and walked away. She had never seen Miss Carew on the stage, Gertrude's mourning not allowing her to appear at a theatre just yet, and she asked herself scornfully if this was what took men's fancy nowadays, and if they supposed all these smiles and attitudes and bare arms and shoulders would look well in a drawing-room, or would help a wife to order a good dinner and look after the children. How could Robert ever take this player-woman down to the old home in Lincolnshire, and what would folks there say to her big eyes and her trailing gowns and die-away airs? Once more a pang of bitter unavailing hatred of Olive shot through Elizabeth Yorke's heart as she sat down at the table and waited doggedly for the actress's return. An open "part" lay at her elbow, and, seeing what it was—or guessing—she brushed it away with a gesture of disgust. In doing so she knocked down a little leather writing case, scattering the papers it held on the floor, and as she replaced them a name on an envelope caught her eye—"Lord Blantyre."

It was in Miss Carew's delicate writing, and the envelope, which was unfastened, contained a letter—a letter in Miss Carew's hand, addressed to a lord! Miss Yorke's heart began to beat, a dark flush rose to her face; she caught the letter up with trembling hands, and, after a hurried glance at the door, deliberately opened the envelope and read its contents.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Yorke's hands trembled still more as, having read and re-read the letter, she folded it up and put it in its envelope into her pocket. Her excitement was great. She could not sit still, but rose and paced the little parlor hurriedly, beating one hand against the other, and muttering rapidly to herself. Morning was wearing away into afternoon, luncheon was over long since in George Street, but Miss Elizabeth would not go home till she had seen Olive Carew. She took her seat at last in the bow-window and watched.

She could hear Nelson's cheery little treble piping to baby Allen, and a smell of something roasting for the actress's dinner began to pervade the small house. The organ-man, who had unconsciously helped her to the discovery of the letter, saw her grim figure sitting at the window as he came up the street, and played "*Dites-lui*" and "Down in a Coal Mine" all through without provoking a gratuity, and then, just as the little clock on the mantelpiece struck three, Miss Yorke's patience was rewarded, and she saw the tall figure she was waiting for coming slowly down the street. Miss Elizabeth drew herself up and put herself in battle-array. Every line of her brown-silk armor was in its place, her smart bonnet had the air of a helmet, her umbrella seemed turned into a sword as she grasped it in her strong hand. There was a joyous greeting at the door as Nelson ran to open it for his sister, then some quieter words followed, and Olive came up-stairs and into the little sitting-room alone. She was pale and tired, and looked as if she had been crying. The uncompromising face she found awaiting her was rather a trial to her nerves just then.

"Miss Yorke!" she said faintly. "They did not tell me you were here. Have you been waiting long? I have been detained."

"I have been here two hours," her visitor replied, so rudely that Olive turned, flushing a little, and looked at her, surprised:

"I thought Mrs. Allen understood that I was not at home to any one to-day," she answered gently. "I am not very well. I have had some painful business to attend to, and——"

Miss Yorke coughed.

"I met Robert," she said, "and he told me you were out, though he had taken the trouble to call during his busiest time. But I wanted to see you, so I came in and waited."

"You are very kind," Olive said, smothering a sigh; and she took off her hat and threw it on the table. She was thinking of the quiet hour she had hoped for before going to her work again, and she could not keep the weariness and dejection out of her voice, as she sat down and leant her head back in all its fair young beauty against the dingy horse-hair chair. "I am sorry I missed Dr. Yorke," she added. "I did not think he would call so early."

"He did not know that you were more agreeably engaged, of course."

Again Olive turned and looked at her visitor, surprised.

"May I ask what you mean?" she said quietly. "Even if I had been at home, I do not know that I should have seen Robert this morning. I do not feel able to talk to any one, and really I believed that these rooms were mine, and that I could give what orders I pleased in them, until to-day."

"That is meant for me, I suppose;" and Miss Elizabeth laughed scornfully. "I can assure you, Miss Carew, that nothing but a feeling of duty induces me to remain another moment in this house, after what I have seen, though I don't value your fine-lady sneer the snap of my fingers."

Olive regarded the angry woman with eyes of quiet dislike. She had always known that they two must quarrel terribly some day, and now the day was come.

"You have something to say to me?" she returned very calmly. "My time is short."

"Yes! I have something to say!" Miss Elizabeth cried, beginning to tremble again—"and something that you will do well to consider."

Olive bowed.

"You know well enough that I don't like you," the hard old voice went on. "I never pretended to like you. I have had plans of my own for Robert, and you came here to upset them all. How can you expect me to swallow my disappointment and meet you with open arms—you and your sickly brother, who will be a trouble and an expense as long as he lives?"

Olive was silent. A shudder ran through her veins as she noticed, for the first time, that there was in this coarse, ill-tempered woman's face a likeness to Dr. Yorke.

"Will he look like that in a few years?" she thought wretchedly. "Could he speak like that if he were angry?"

Miss Yorke had taken breath, and was ready to go on.

"I have told Robert often and often what I thought of you; but what is the use of talking to a man while he is infatuated, and blind, and——"

"I shall be glad if you will come to the point," Miss Carew interposed in her low voice, that contrasted so strangely with the elder woman's high-pitched accents—as strangely as her pale beauty with Miss Elizabeth's angry, purple face, set in its gaudy ribbons.

"Then this is the point!" the Doctor's aunt cried fiercely. "I have found out the intrigue you are carrying on. I know what appointment you have been keeping this morning, Miss Carew"—with a deadly emphasis on Olive's name, as though it were an offence in itself.

"Go on," said Olive, turning pale, but facing her adversary with steady, lucid eyes. "Let me know of what you suspect me."

"Suspect!" Miss Yorke echoed. "I tell you I have proofs." Here her hand involuntarily sought the stolen letter in her pocket. "I have a hold over you that you don't dream of, and I mean to use it if you force me, but for Robert's sake, for the sake of our name, I want no fuss—no scandal—and I am willing to compromise if you and I can come to terms."

"Go on," Olive said again.

"You had words with Robert yesterday—I saw that plain enough by his face. You would not see him to-day. Well, I don't think you will have many more chances of saying 'Not at home' to Dr. Yorke."

"Go on."

"Of course it is for his money you want to marry him. He's not the sort of man to take your fancy, I warrant!"

"Go on."

"But, if you do marry him, not a soul in Woolchester will visit you—remember that! You will ruin the Doctor; and what will you be without your dressing and acting, and with no man to run after you, sitting by yourself all day, and minding your house?"

"Go on."

"Miss Carew, I have a little money by me that the Doctor knows nothing about. Give me back his promise—I daresay you have got a written one from him—leave here at once, and I will give you three hundred pounds, and——"

Olive started up, stung to the quick by the deadly insult.

"How dare you, madam?" she panted out, the indignant blood rushing in torrents to her face and throat. "What must you think of me? How far too mercifully I have hitherto judged you! For your brother's sake I will endure much, but, as for this,"—with a passionate gesture of contempt—"I will not stoop to convince you of the terrible mistake you have made. I will never address another word to you as long as I live!"

As she spoke, Miss Carew turned her back to the astonished woman and swept across the room, leaving her visitor to make as dignified an exit as circumstances would permit. A vigorous slam of the street door was Elizabeth Yorke's parting salutation to the actress, who had stood white and rigid as marble till the sound aroused her. Then the girl broke down, and, sinking on to the hard little lodging-house sofa, she buried her face in her hands and burst into an agony of burning tears.

"Oh, I cannot bear it!" she sobbed. "The cruel woman! Why did she come here to-day of all days in the year? Was not my fate hard enough already? Oh, Jack, Jack, if you could see your poor child now!" and Miss Carew's slender shape was convulsed by the force of her bitter weeping.

"Will he be at the theatre to-night?" she thought suddenly, as she started up, and with trembling hands pushed the damp hair back from her face. "Did he recognize me yesterday, and will he be cruel enough to come and look at me across the great chill gulf that divides us, knowing that I may not stretch out my arms to him and ask him to take me away—away from this narrow, miserable stifling existence and these dreadful people—from the mean, hopeless future I have sold myself to? Oh, if I only dared cry to him to come and take care of me! But I must not. Oh, Jack, my darling, I pray that you may go away, and never know how near you stood last night to your poor Olive—that I may never see your dear face again—never, never!"

And again the bitter sobs swelled in the girl's throat as she tried vainly to control herself.

"Ah, I shall have all my life long to cry in!" she thought at last, rising and beginning to tidy the room with a few rapid touches, and to remove the traces of agitation from her face. "Let me try to do my duty with as little complaining or fuss as possible. It is for Nelson's sake. I must remember that!"

And Nelson, coming in at that moment to call his sister to her long-delayed dinner, was caught in her arms and held to her breast with an anguish of devotion that the boy almost divined.

"Has any one vexed you, dear?" he asked, looking up into her face with his eager, unnaturally bright eyes. "I wish I could only bear all your troubles for you Olive."

Then Olive had to laugh, and to declare that her trouble was nothing more serious than a headache brought on by her long rehearsal and the stage-manager's bad temper, and to eat her dinner and "make talk" as though there were no such thing as love, and pain, and parting in the world. Then there was still her meeting with the Doctor to be gone through before she set off for her work. Robert would be sure to look in, she remembered, as he had not seen her all day; and the poor child prepared to receive her middle-aged lover with even a prettier welcome than usual, smoothing her hair, and fastening a knot of violets in her belt, and stirring the fire into a pleasant blaze.

"It will be dusk," she thought, as she peered anxiously into the dim oblong mirror that adorned the mantlepiece. "He will not see that I have been crying. Men do not like crying girls, I think. And how could I tell him the cause of my tears! It is not his fault that Miss Yorke had been so cruel and so coarse. I will never let him know what has occured to-day." And with this brave resolve Olive sat down to await her lover's knock.

There was silence in the little parlor, for Nelson, who had not been deceived by his sister's light words and laughter, had seen that she was suffering, and had left her to rest quietly by herself—silence, but no repose for the girl whose heart was thrilling with vague longing and doubt and dread, as she recalled the events of the last twenty four hours. In vain she pressed her hands upon her eyes, trying to shut out the face that had been looking through her dreams all night; in vain with such thoughts as were making her veins throb and her cheeks burn, as she sat all alone in the dusk, she told herself that it was wicked to think of any man but the one she had promised to marry. She was so young. The life she had accepted stretched before her so cold, dreary, endless, the life that might have been glowed in such happy colors before her yearning eyes. Many changing pictures she saw in the red heart of the fire; many a remembrance they awoke, many a regret; swiftly and surely they carried her back to the days before she had known Woolchester, Dr. Yorke, and trouble and care—carried her back to the unclouded summer of three years since, when she had fulfilled her first engagement at the pretty sea-side town of Yarborough.

Once more she saw herself walking on the level sunshiny sands, a budding girl, conscious down to her very finger-tips of her beauty and charm and power of pleasing, walking in the sunshine that had faded for ever. Once more the fresh sea-wind was whistling keenly in her ears; once more kind glances were meeting her, and filling the world with happiness and light—glances that seemed to follow the young actress everywhere—glances of respectful mute admiration, of grave and tender interest, and of something warmer still. The handsome bearded man who met her so often in her walks came to the little band-box of a theatre every evening, and Miss Carew's gorgeous bouquets were an object of much comment and much good natured envy on the part of the other girls in the company. Yet Olive did not even know her admirer's name, and scarcely cared to know it. She was happy, filled full of life and hope and health; her soul was in her work; her heart—ah, her heart was not awake just yet!

Then came a day—oh, how well remembered!—when Miss Carew put on her crisp white muslin gown, and fastened a creamy rose in her bright hair, and went—very proud of the honor—to dine with her manager. And somehow it was not a surprise to her to find that even here she met the tall handsome man with the gray eyes and heavy moustache, who was introduced to her as Colonel Dacre, and who had brought another bouquet—all creamy roses and cool-tinted heliotropes, which completed the actress's simple toilette to perfection, and which he begged her in a very low voice to accept.

After some time they were engaged. The season was drawing to a close. Olive had a winter engagement to fulfil, but Colonel Dacre declared that he would not part with her—that he was jealous of every hour she devoted to the stage. He had money enough; his mother would love Olive, he assured her; there was nothing at all to hinder their marriage. But, as they were walking one evening towards the theatre—where Colonel Dacre would leave Miss Carew at the stage-door before he went to bury himself for the evening in his box—as they were walking along like two children, hand in hand, and Jack was telling Olive for the hundredth time what she wore and how she looked and what he felt on the day he first saw her on the sands, they were met by two ladies in a carriage—a handsome dignified woman with Jack's clear-cut profile, and a saucy little blonde dressed in bright blue from head to foot, who beamed all sorts of pretty mischief at Colonel Dacre, as they drove by, and who looked with undisguised interest at the beautiful pale girl by his side. Then Olive felt somehow that she was beginning to wake out of a dream, and that the golden September evening was turning black and cold. And before long the story had to come out.

The blonde young lady was Colonel Dacre's cousin. They had been betrothed since childhood by their parents' wishes; neither cared one bit for the other, but to break their engagement was to forfeit a large property.

"That is all!" Jack pleaded in his loving kind old voice, and with his adoring longing eyes; and again he swore that Olive should be his wife—he would never give her up—he would die without her!

But Miss Carew was proud, and, though her heart was breaking, she would not listen to any more words of love from another woman's promised husband. She could give no answer but tears and sobs to all his desperate prayers and entreaties; she would never see him again till he was free—released by his cousin—from his promise. And so, having taken the friendly old manager into her counsel, without a last look at Jack Dacre's beloved wretched face, the actress stole away one day from Yarborough, and left her heart behind.

For three long years she heard nothing of the man she could not help loving still. She believed he had forgotten her, but she prayed for his happiness, after her prayer for Nelson, every day. Then some one spoke of him as winning honors in Africa, and she read his name in the newspapers, and knew that he had been in danger. After that she could think of nothing but his safe return, even though he might have come back to marry his pretty blonde cousin, and could never be anything to Olive Carew again. But now!

"Oh, why does not Robert come?" thought the girl, getting up restlessly and going to the window. "Why does he leave me here to think such thoughts, and to remember what it must be the work of my life to forget! When he comes," she added, as she stood with her flushed cheek pressed to the pane, "I will tell him everything, and I shall ask him to let our marriage be soon. I will give up the rest of my engagement if he wishes it, for when I am really his wife I shall be stronger. Oh, I do want to do what is right, but it is very hard!"

The evening was wearing away, and still Dr. Yorke did not come. It would soon be time for Miss Carew to go to the theatre; she looked anxiously at the little clock.

"I can wait half an hour longer," she thought, nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers. "What can be delaying him?"

There was no answer but the ticking of the clock and the light fall of the ashes on the hearth. Olive went back to the fire and sat down. But the stillness of the room oppressed her—a kind of terror seized upon her.

"I cannot stay here!" she cried, beginning to tie on her bonnet in feverish haste. "Robert is not coming; I must go alone. Oh, Jack, I wonder if you are thinking of me now!" What would you say if you knew that your 'little child' was walking through the streets all by herself at night—you who would not let the wind blow too roughly on me, my darling, in the dear old days? How happy I was then! How strong and kind he was! How close and warm he used to wrap my shawl round me when the nights were chilly! Ah, I must not remember any more! Only Robert may take care of me now. And he is very good; he will come to-morrow, no doubt—very likely he is busy to-day. Ah!"

A knock at the street-door shook the little house at that moment, and Olive started, in mingled relief and dread. "There he is! I knew he would not forget me."

She was tearing off her bonnet and shawl and running to the fire, which was getting low, as footsteps were heard on the stairs. Obedient to her touch a brilliant light went dancing through the room. The door opened.

"Ah, you are late, sir!" she said gaily. "I shall scold you, I——" She turned round. "Jack!"

The tall figure at the door opened his arms, and, with a low sobbing cry, Olive Carew ran to him and fell upon his breast.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Yorke brought the same gloomy face to dinner that he had worn, after his sleepless night at breakfast. He had had a very hard day's work, and had been prevented by many engagements from paying his usual afternoon visit at his *fiancee's* lodgings. But, in spite of his failure that morning, he had called again on Miss Carew as he came home, and he had been told again that Miss Carew was not at home. The doubt of the day before was now becoming a certainty. Perhaps a look into Olive's face and a few words in her sincere voice would have saved him from the thought; but, as it was, he told himself that she had gone to meet that man—her lover—and that she was trying to deceive him, whose promised wife she was. Jealous rage burned in the Doctor's heart as he dispensed the soup and carved the fowls. His food tasted bitter. The good wine almost choked him.

Poor Gertrude, after one or two timid attempts at conversation, shrank back frightened at his melancholy face, and was not reassured by the unusual liveliness of aunt Elizabeth's manner, or the nods and becks in which that lady indulged from time to time. The meal was like a nightmare to two of those who sat at the table, and it was a relief to all when Miss Yorke, having finished her glass of claret, rose and went away with her hand on Gertrude's plump waist, leaving the Doctor to his own gloomy reflections. But no sooner was Gertrude seated at the piano than Miss Elizabeth, announcing that she had left her key-basket in the dining-room, returned to the scene of torture.

The Doctor was sitting with his elbow on the table and his hands thrust into his hair. The wine stood untasted at his side; he looked up with such a haggard face, when the door opened, that Miss Yorke almost lost courage.

"Robert," she said, with unwonted gentleness, and laying her hand on his shoulder, "what ails you? Is there anything wrong? What have Gertrude and I done that you shun us and have not a word to say?"

The kind tone went to the Doctor's heart, which was very sore just then. He touched her hand gratefully in reply.

"You look tired," she continued. "You are working too hard, Robert. What is the use of toiling and slaving and making yourself old before your time as you are doing?"

The Doctor's dark face flushed.

"Why, aunt, what am I but an old sober fellow?" he said sadly. "Hard work is what I am fit for. But I believe I am a little over tired to-day."

"Do you think I can't read you better than that, Robert Yorke, after living in this house for twelve years? I know very well what is in your mind, although you try to hide it from me—your own mother's sister."

"What do you mean, my dear aunt?"

"I mean that you are unhappy about that—about Miss Carew—and you have good reason, my poor boy!"

"Who dares to say a word against Olive?" the Doctor exclaimed, springing up, and facing his tormentor. "I will not listen to——"

"You are accusing her yourself, you poor fellow," Miss Elizabeth returned, with a touch of pity in her voice. "What did I say against her?"

"You said she had given me cause for unhappiness. What did you mean?"

"I'll tell you. No—I won't! She shall tell you herself—perhaps you'll believe it then!"

Pale and fierce the Doctor stood, while Miss Yorke produced the letter she had stolen and held it out.

"Read that, Robert," she said, with ill-suppressed eagerness, "and you will find—written in her own hand—that the reason she could not see you to-day was that she had an appointment with—another man, who is her lover!"

Smothering an execration, Robert Yorke snatched the paper and turned away.

"Leave me alone," he muttered hoarsely. "For Heaven's sake leave me to myself."

And so Miss Elizabeth shut the door softly upon his misery, and went upstairs. For a long while the Doctor sat and looked at the letter which was to wreck his happiness, struggling manfully with the temptation which bade him prove for himself the faithlessness and deceit of the fair woman who had seemed to him so high above all other women in her fearless candor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have published "Margaret Chetwynd," a novel by Susan Morley, the author of the successful novel, "Throstlethwaite," and other well known works of fiction. "Margaret Chetwynd" fully sustains the reputation of the author, and portrays character with great power. The tone of the story is very fine, and the style excellent. There is a subdued power apparent in the work which shows the artist, and what sensationalism appears is of that high order which is necessary to every work of true art. The story is told in 456 pages, in a 12 mo. volume, printed in clear readable type, on good paper, and is bound in fine ornamented cloth. Price, $1.50.

A new story, founded on army life in America, has been written by Captain Frederick Whittaker, author of the "Life of General Custer," and will soon be published by Sheldon & Co. It seems strange that no distinctively American military novel has yet been written, while Lever and Grant in England and Dumas and Erckmann-Chatrian in France have written numerous and successful tales of military life.

We are not a military people, and yet but a few years have passed since we had nearly three millions of men in arms, and scarcely a family in the country but counts its soldier and remembers his exploits. Captain Whittaker has therefore a new field to work up, full of interest and freshness. The idea of the story doubtless occurred to him while writing the life of General George A. Custer.

The daily experience of our soldiers on the frontier is full of romance. While the book is avowedly fiction, it will be none the less a truthful and realistic picture of a remarkable phase of American life.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, publish "The Story of Elizabeth," by Miss Thackeray, in a beautiful volume, bound in red vellum, black and gold, at the price of $1. This story is well known, so excellent, and so thoroughly interesting that it is a boon to obtain such a superb edition at such a low price.

Messrs. Colby & Rich, of Boston, have published a work which is of intense interest to spiritualists and the disciples of Swedenborg, entitled "Psychycology Re-incarnation, Soul and Its Relations, or the Laws of Being, showing the occult forces in man; that intelligence manifests without material, and the most important things to know, with the motto, "Know Thyself is the first Essential of Nature's Law." This work is written by Almira Kidd, and is a very well written and learned treatise upon the doctrine which it professes to teach. It is in reality a hand book to the introduction to the "Science of Spirit Land and Spirit Phases. It is full of powerful writing, and elucidates its theme with great clearness and vivacity of style. The work contains 127 pages, printed in the best manner as regards paper and type, and will be found a valuable text book to the neophyte in Spiritualism, as the gist of Swedenborg's wonderful prose has been paraphrased with good effect by the author.

MAGAZINES.

Wide Awake of April has a new feature—a Natural History Supplement of sixteen illustrated pages, containing "Tom and Others;" "Australian Opossums," by Miss Prig; and a striking proof of the "Vitality of the Shark," witnessed by the author, Dr. Payne.

The magazine opens with a fine frontispiece, "We Boys," followed by "Anna Albitz," a story of a little girl. Miss Brown, in her illustrated series, "The Child Toilers of Boston Streets," gives an account of the little "Ash Pickers." Mrs. W. E. Bryant's school-room story is about a baby scholar, "Little Bunch." Mrs. E. P. Grosser gives a glimpse of "Child Life in Labrador." Mrs. L. C. Whiton has an Easter poem. Following "True Blue," the Minnesota serial, by Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell, comes the star article of the number, "A Child's Calendar," by Caroline Metcalf, with twelve drawings, by Miss Humphrey. "A General Misunderstanding," Mr. Talbot's serial, deepens in interest. There is a valuable English Literature paper, by Mrs. Lillie, relative to Spenser, with a portrait.

There are brief articles and poems, and three illustrated stories, "Tommy's Head," by Rev. J. Vila Blake; "The Countess of Blessington," by Mary N. Prescott; and "How Neelie Went to the Golden Wedding." The little folks have a pretty tale about "Baby Bunting;" and there are Parlor Pastimes, Prize Guesswork and Original Music, while the work for 1878 is mapped out for the Society of Wide Awake Helpers, an organization which did a great deal last year for the poor children of Boston.

$3.00 a year, free of postage. Edited by Ella Farman. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

Scribner's ever-welcome magazine comes for April with a gorgeous show of fine matter. The following are the contents:

I. Deer Hunting on the Au Sable. Illustrated.
II. Roxy, by Edward Eggleston. Illustrated.
III. An April Song.
IV. King David.
V. His Inheritance.
VI. How lead pencils are made. Illustrated.
VII. Two Saints of the Foot Hills, by Bret Harte.
VIII. St. Violet.
IX. The Mosiac Creation of Modern Science.
X. The Lover's Choice.
XI. Among the Thousand Islands. Illustrated.
XII. The Suicide.
XIII. Macreme Lace. Illustrated.
XIV. The Telephone and the Phonograph. Illustrated.
XV. On Flowers. A superb sonnet, by Maurice F. Egan.
XVI. Twenty-six Hours a Day.
XVII. A Queen at School.
XVIII. Topics of the Time.
XIX. Communications.
XX. The Old Cabinet.
XXI. Home and Society.
XXII. Culture and Progress.
XXIII. The World's Work.
XXIV. Bric-a-Brac.

This number is characterized by superb engravings, and the most interesting matter.

The Popular Science Monthly for April contains the following:

I. Evolution of Ceremonial Government, 3. Mutilations by Herbert Spencer.
II. The Eucalyptus of the Future, by Prof. Lockwood, illustrated.
III. Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate Life in America, by Prof. O. C. Marsh.
IV. The Wicked Weasel.
V. The Dissipation of Energy.
VI. Illustrations of the Logic of Science, 4. The Probability of Induction, by C. S. Pierce.
VII On Edison's Talking Machine, by Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, with illustrations.
VIII. The Marpngen Miracles.
IX. The Source of Muscular Power.
X. Living Corals.
XI. Poisons of the Intelligence—Chloroform, by Chas. Pichels.
XII. Sketch of Prof. Secchi, with portrait.
XIII. Correspondence.
XIV. Editor's Table.
Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes.

This is without exception an unique number, full of interest, power, and excellence of subjects.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., send us *St. Nicholas* for April, which the boys, girls, and even the grown folks appreciate with so much pleasure. This is a rich number, containing a plentitude of pictures, poetry, and good matter. Sol. Etynge, May Hallock Foote, J. Wells, Champney M. Woolf, and J. C. Beard are among the well-known illustrators, and there are tip top papers on the brightest of topics by all the best pens in the land.

FARM AND GARDEN.

COAL ASHES.—Coal ashes scattered on the stable floor will absorb the liquid manure, prevent the cattle from slipping and falling, afford an excellent addition to the pickings of poultry about the place, and can afterwards be spread on the soil.

FRUIT TREES.—All fruit trees like a rather dry, rich soil. On a cold clayey bottom, diseases are usually frequent. Do not plant deep; cut off top roots, and encourage surface fibres. Surface manuring is the best mode of doing this after the tree is planted. Do not allow anything to grow vigorously around your trees the first year of planting, nor allow the soil to become hard or dry.

FOOD OF PLANTS.—All the food of plants enter them either as invisible gases through the leaves, or in a state of perfectly limpid solutions through the roots. Water will dissolve itself and hold in solution 2 times its bulk of oxygen, 1½ its bulk of nitrogen; 1½ its bulk of hydrogen, once its bulk of carbonic acid, and many times its bulk of ammonia. In this way water acts as a fertiliser, conveying this and other nutritious food into the plant.

FOR DISCUSSION.—Sanitary laws for our homes. What farmers' gardens are and what they should be. Small fruits for family use. Trees for the farm, the lawn, the roadside. The adaptation of fruits to soils. The best evergreens for home decorations. The best trees for small grounds. The value of experiments in the farm and garden. The value of botanical studies to country children. These are topics which we think worthy of discussion at our farmers' clubs, agricultural and horticultural conventions, and in the family circle.

HARNESS AND RATS.—It is stated on good authority that a teaspoon of Cayenne pepper, mixed in a quart of oil, and rubbing the harness with the oil, will effectually protect it against the gnawing of rats. It is also said that an ounce of aloes to one gallon of oil will afford the same protection. One remedy we have never known to fail—to hang the harness up so that no rats can molest it; but as some people are careless in this respect, the red pepper and the aloes and oil remedy had better be adopted. A friend at our side says carbonic acid is a sure remedy.

OVER-FEEDING.—Over-feeding is a waste of food, and causes a loss of flesh. Indigestion from repletion, stops growth, and gives trouble to restore health and thrift. The art of feeding is an important part of a farmer's knowledge, and should be studied with care, and practised with patience and close observation. The use of weights and measures is not a waste of time and labor. There is much to be learned and saved by them. Every feed-box should have a one-quart and a two quart scoop, and a feeding measure holding a known quantity. A half-peck measure (four quarts) is a handy size to have.

RESTORING FLOWERS.—When flowers have been carried a long distance in close boxes or cases, they often appear withered and worthless, but with proper treatment they may be revived and restored to their original beauty. Instead of being at once put into vases and exposed to the hot and dry air of the parlor, they should either be carefully spread out on wet flannel or moss and covered with a dish cover or an inverted box, or else put in pans containing moss and water or wet sand, in which they can be set upright, and then shut up in the dark for a few hours. If they do not regain their freshness under this nursing, there is no hope for them, but in all ordinary cases their recovery is certain.

BUSY WORKERS UNDERGROUND.—It is not generally known to what extent we are indebted to worms for the productiveness of our gardens and fields. It has been found, by a series of experiments carried out by a German naturalist, that the tunnels made by worms into the earth are frequently of much service to plants whose roots occupy the channels that have thus been made. The mould of our gardens, and fields too, is improved to an almost inconceivable extent by the burrowings of this humble insect. Each worm in less than a week passes through its body its own weight in mould, and the soil thus produced is fine and light, and extremely helpful to the growth of plants. When it is remembered that there are in every acre some 54,000 worms, and that in addition to forming every day about 37lbs. of fine mould, they open up the subsoil and render it fertile, we shall gain some slight conception of our indebtedness to these apparently insignificant and generally unthought-of little workers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SAMANTHA AT THE CENTENNIAL." Address, American Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D. 1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, 1878.

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FACETIÆ; by P. H. Doyle.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

THE REVIEWER.

SHORT STORIES.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

EDITORIALS—SANCTUM CHAT—POETRY.

FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

MISCELLANY.

READ all the good things in this number—"Facetiæ" especially.

REMEMBER, the POST is not only a LITERARY, but a FAMILY paper.

MONDAY is "All Fools' Day," and if, as the proverb alleges, "all the fools are not dead yet," perhaps the fool-killer may have a chance then to bag a lot of game.

"AUNT ESTHER'S DOWRY" is a complete picture of human nature painted by an artist who understands fully the value of the lights, shades and colors of character.

PHANTOMS was written to mystify the reader and to exhibit a series of startling scenes and events. It is in every respect a genuine literary work of excellence, and has attracted much attention.

GOOD reading is the demand of the present day, and nothing but good reading, such as the POST contains, will ever tend to make the world better and happier, and men, women and children wiser, purer and nobler in word and deed.

"CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN," a brilliant and touching new serial, will appear in the next number of the POST. It is a true love story of sacrifice and recompense, wrought by a master hand, and will be found to be replete with the highest interest to our readers.

"ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS," though printed in the smallest possible type, does not contain room enough for the immense amount of inquiries which we receive daily and hourly from correspondents in all parts of the world. We however make it a rule to answer everybody as speedily as possible.

OUR absorbing and thrilling serials, "From Gloom to Sunshine," "The Nemesis of Love," and "Bitter-Sweet," have so pleased and delighted the thousands of our subscribers and readers that the POST has gained a firm friend for every reader, and this fact proves to the public that our paper has by the high tone, the variety and the excellence of its fiction, won a triumphant success.

WITH the unfolding of the first buds of Spring come the Paris fashions, and these have been happily anticipated by the editor of the Ladies' Department, who in "Fashion Notes" gives the very latest and most useful information upon this topic. Ladies who desire to know just what the season demands in the way of hats, bonnets, new materials, new costumes, mantles, trimmings, styles of dresses to suit all purses, and their cut, and models of the most stylish novelties, cannot find anything more to their satisfaction in this line than the very thorough and reliable paper upon this subject on our eighth page. Then too, there is a wealth of information in "Fireside Chat" about the very things which ought to be better understood by all who consider themselves mistresses of their homes.

TO THOSE of our subscribers who do not preserve the copies of the POST in a regular file—and we most earnestly recommend that such preservation should be encouraged, as a file is the most convenient method of keeping the paper chronologically in order and in shape—we would advise the keeping of a scrap-book, in which all the valuable contents of the weekly may be retained in such a form as to be a never ceasing source of pleasure at all times. Any old book will serve as a scrap-book, and with the aid of a little paste or mucilage, the miscellany of the POST would be embalmed perfectly. As regards the serials, they might form a special scrap-book by themselves. But the poetry, facetiæ, sanctum chat, news of interest, scientific facts, farm and garden, &c., would be more appropriately placed in one large book, which could be consulted conveniently whenever good reading was desired. It is astonishing what an amount of valuable matter can be thus preserved by forming a habit of pasting every useful scrap at once in such a receptacle, and there is hardly anything more entertaining than to peruse the pages of a well kept scrap-book.

SANCTUM CHAT.

OUR servants are seldom thanked, or even thought of with gratitude for the huge amount of work they perform for us. We seldom give such services a moment's thought. We command, and they obey. We want a letter to go to its destination within a certain time—all we do is to drop it into the corner box, and the next day our friend receives it in good order. Who conveyed it? Only our silent-working servants, or genii who toil day and night for us. The patient, good-natured, faithful plodding letter-carrier is up betimes to take our missive to the mail. The mail-carrier deposits it in the cars, and away it goes in charge of our ever-vigilant and hard-working slaves who command the engine on its iron way, and superintend by night and day the tremendous work they have to do. While we are enjoying ourselves at home, or are dreaming away the night hours in sleep, these bonds-people of ours are ever active in our service. The captain on deck, the sailor on the watch, the engineer listening down below to the steam pulse beats that mark the night vigil, the telegraph operator at midnight clicking the message of life or death for us, the baker watching at his oven, the fire patrol on duty, the conductor and driver of the street car, the faithful policeman on his weary beat; all of these are in our service, and yet we seldom give them a thought except in times when we really feel the need of all of them. Let them have, at least, a tithe of our gratitude.

THEBE is a portion of the bony structure of domestic fowl which, from time immemorial, has been dedicated and consecrated to those household deities who guard the hearts of maidens; and which is believed to exert a powerful influence in the success of that popular game called courtship. The bone is dried, pulled, and put up over the portal, and woe be to the innocent swain who first enters. He is immediately confiscated. How the discoverer of the wishing-bone ever came to detect its subtle, wonderful qualities, will ever remain mysterious. How does it happen that the other parts of the fowl are not equally magical? Tradition is dumb on the subject, and the old legends dim and vague. Yet we believe in it still. 'Tis a harmless phantasy—one of the many little conceits that hold us back to our sweet childish poesy and faith, in this matter-of-fact cold epoch. Let us cling to all the happy superstitions of life that suggest, like this wishing-bone, such delicious imaginings of youth and beauty, strength and delicacy—both tugging at the bewitched bone, that they may be mated forever. We believe in it. Yes, and let it be blessed. Let him who enters under the portal be worthy of winning the good, beautiful and loving wife. Let her who wished so eagerly, so passionately, by this formula of a bit of bone, be recompensed with the best and wisest of lovers, the choicest of husbands. Evermore let it be so—that the world may be better as far as we are concerned, and rosy love dominate, and remain master and ruler everywhere.

THEBE is a real philosopher who lives out West, and who does not care a button for the events of the present. He takes the papers regularly—including the POST, and yet does not care an iota regarding the situation of affairs East or West. He imagines himself a prophet. He says "there will probably be a great war in the East; how can they help it; Russia is bound to domineer over Turkey;" and when folks tell him of the fall of Plevna, he says, "just as I supposed. How could the disciples of the Prophet hold out against the tactics of the Muscovite?" He doesn't care a pin for all the news in Christendom, for he says that there is something more wonderful in the growth of his crops, and in the wierdness of the landscape which surrounds him than in all the news of the world. He is a bachelor, lives in a log cabin, and his axiom is, "history repeats itself; what's the use of the news of to-day, all that is done, and has been done, will be done again; give me a good novel, or a poem, and let me dream; but as for your daily facts—stuff." This individual believes in the poetry of life, and not its prose, and we'all ought to try to extract poetry out of our every-day existence. History is only valuable when it suggests such a feeling, and is not worth perusing merely as an epitome of events and dates. There is too much dry detail even now in our literature, and especially in the daily paper which gives us every morning the actual mechanical history of men, ungarnished by a single tinge of romance. There is everything in this world to bring out the best nature of men, if we only take time and thought to extract it.

What an Old Reader Thinks of the Post.

PROMPTON, PA., March 18, 1878.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:

Enclosed please find our subscription for the POST from March 23d, 1878, to March 23d, 1879, which you will be pleased to receipt as soon as possible and relieve any anxiety we might otherwise feel lest it had not reached you safely. We are among your oldest subscribers, having taken the paper since it was first established, when it was known as the Courier. I think I owe my present position in the world to the influence of the good reading found in your valuable paper. I remember when a small child, how my mother would read aloud to us every evening from its columns. How eagerly we children looked forward to Saturday night, for a fresh number of our much-loved companion, the POST; and though long years have passed away since then, we look forward as eagerly for its arrival as we used to, and now that our much-loved parent has passed away, we emulate her example by reading to our children. I wish you would publish these few lines, trusting they might be the means of encouraging some parent in making home happy and pleasant, by spending their evenings reading for the instruction of their little circle, from the columns of *the dear old* POST. Very respectfully yours,

R. B. SPENCER,
Prompton, Wayne county, Pa.

HOME CULTURE.

XXXIX.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

HOME LIFE, AND THE LIFE BEYOND.—(CONTINUED.)

Balzac says, in his Physiology of Marriage: "Perish the virtue of seven virgins rather than the sacred chastity of one wife and mother! A young girl abandoned by her seducer may still deserve all our compassion and respect. Oaths have been violated, confidence has been betrayed; the unhappy victim is still innocent; she may still become a faithful spouse, a loving mother; while, however exemplary the subsequent conduct of a faithless wife may be, the fruits of her fault are irrefuseable."

Only work, and hard work, under some lofty aspiration, actuated by some great and generous object, can lift the betrayed husband out of his depth of sorrow, and rouse him from his apathy of despair. Thus only can he wrestle with the demon that has entered into his heart; thus only cast him out, and, trampling on him, rise to a higher life than that from which he has been dragged down. In self-sacrifice and in living for the good and the happiness of his kind, will he find the only talisman that can set him free—not at once, but, like other permanent results, gradually and in the lapse of time; so, mounting step by step, and gaining strength as he ascends, he shall look down from the unassailable heights of forgiveness on the lesser souls that can never reach to wound him now; forgiveness, free, complete and unconditional as that which he himself pleads for from his God.

Or, still again, may it not be that the mother, moved by ambition, has given her pure-minded and happy daughter to a husband whose greatest attraction is his wealth; who possesses few sensibilities other than those that man shares with animals; no warmth of feeling save that of the senses; no holy tenderness, nor the delicacy that results from this. The real womanhood of a wife has no corresponding part in such a husband. Her deepest voice lacks a response: the deeper her cry, the more dead his silence. The fault may be none of his; he cannot give her what never lived in his soul. But the wretchedness, the moral deterioration, on her side, attendant on such a false and shallow life, without strength enough to keep the soul pure and sweet, are amongst the most pitiable wrongs that mortals suffer. Then, if in the midst of such a life, the most dangerous temptation that can assail a good woman should come to her—that of love veiled in a friendship which she never questions until the veil is lifted—what agony for the mother as she stands by, powerless to help her child, realizing the full meaning of the words, "bought with a price," in the barter that she has made of her child's happiness! Though the poor daughter may never sin but once, and then only in thought, though she may be utterly innocent in the eyes of the world, yet, because of her very purity and innocence, will she suffer, by force of self-accusation and self-abasement, the torment of the victim and the criminal.

Is not such a possibility enough to deter mothers from taking the responsibility of urging daughters from homes where they are contented and happy, into a state of life for which they are not prepared? Should not mothers rather seek to give their children a higher view of the duties and responsibilities of life, which will lead them, even without reference to other than worldly objects, to a higher standard of attainment and character? The natural feelings and interests of the young are not sufficient guides in that momentous step which, though pointed out by nature, is fraught with difficulties under the most favorable circumstances, and is made happy or miserable according to the use made of reason and judgment in entering upon it.

In the extreme uncertainty of a young girl's fate, over which she has no control, it may appear difficult to her mother to determine how to prepare her for positions so different as those of married or single life; but a sound and thorough education is all the preparation needed for either; not mere acquisition of knowledge, but an education that will develop, exercise and train the mental powers and faculties and fit them for labor, should serious labor be required; an education that will create sympathy with every real interest of mankind, and keep heart and mind ever awake and active. She who by such an education is made most fit to be a truly valuable wife, most fit to acquit herself of the mother's high office, will also be most fit to stand alone, to be self-supporting even, should such be her lot; or to make her life one of use to those around her. The good or ill success of any education is not to be tested by the variety of acquirement, but by its efficiency in giving the full use of the moral and intellectual faculties, wherewith to meet the duties and the struggles of life. The cultivation of the understanding, the development of the powers of the mind, is the work of the teacher; moral training is the conscious or unconscious work of the parents, more especially of the mother, and commences long before one word of precept can be understood—spiritual training is inspired, not taught.

"You will make your children very selfish, requiring them to ask permission to play with each other's toys, and causing them to thank each other each time they return them, as though it were a great privilege; instead of allowing them to use their toys in common, as most children do," said one mother to another, whose ideas differed as to the training of children. "I hope not," was the answer; "I wish to make them respect each other's rights, that they may early learn the rights which property confers, and not entertain confused ideas upon the subject; and I also wish to teach them to be courteous to each other." If all the young were early taught to respect the rights of others, would there be such disregard of those rights as we see increasing every year in our social life, as well as in our business world? Virtue is born of good habits, and the formation of habits may be said to constitute almost the whole work of education. The natural disposition and the circumstances of life are beyond the mother's control; but she can create habits, which shall mould character and prepare the mind to maintain that habitual sense of duty which gives command over the passions, power to fight temptation, and which makes obedience to principle comparatively easy under most circumstances. It is to the influence of habits, and not to individual acts (which may be prompted by a momentary impulse), that we must look to give worth and consistency to conduct. Our social and domestic life is made or marred by the habits which have grown into a second nature. It is not in any occasional act of civility or kindness that the charm of either home or society consists, but in the habits of courtesy and the respecting of the rights of those around us—whose outward expression is our manner—an expression which, if not habitual, can rarely be borrowed with success. Until we learn the secret of forming habits, it will be vain for mothers to hope for success in educating their children. The proverbial cases of the spendthrift children of prudent parents, and the profligate children of religious ones, bear witness to the frequent failure of well-meant systems of education; for however admirable the precepts inculcated, there is in such systems no endeavor to form the habits, whence a certain course of action will flow. Take also the habit of evil speaking, of discussing scandals, of repeating gossip in the family circle. Let the precepts be what they may in such a home, the lessons at the fireside, or "around the board," will make such precepts of no avail. Scandal-loving, gossip-repeating, tale-inventing parents will rear a brood possessing the same tastes, the same deteriorating habits. A mother's example sketches the outline of her child's character. A mother's example sinks down into the heart of her child, like snow-flakes into the heart of the ocean. And how can it be otherwise? Has he not been taught to revere and honor his mother? And can he be persuaded that her conduct and her practices are not worthy of imitation? Not even in a parent's death is the influence of example lost to children; whether for good or for evil, it continues through life; for as "love lives on to bless when those who love are hidden in the grave," so does the evil that is committed die not with the parent, but continues its baleful influence over the child when the soul that exerted it has passed into realms of purifying and endless progression. Let a mother cautiously avoid speaking evil of others; let her be careful never to exhibit faults that the mantle of charity should cover; let her regard reputation as a gem of too great value to be trifled with, and then lets her precepts be such as are calculated to excite an abhorrence of evil speaking, of tattling, of uncharitable construction of the motives of others; and, having commenced with her children early in life, she will be able to create such a peculiar sensitiveness upon the subject, that not only the habit of bridling the tongue will have been acquired, but her children will learn to avoid the presence of the slanderer as that of a deadly viper. It is all very well to say that calumny is injurious only when it has the power to make us what it represents us to be, but there is a vulgar saying that has passed into a proverb, because of its truth: "Only throw mud enough and some of it will stick;" and slander, having once seized on a fair name for its prey, never altogether loosens its hold, but slumbering for a score of years, will yet, when it looks dead, have power still to lift its hydra-head and eject its poison.

There are some homes in which the habit of repeating vile gossip and vile slanders is not encouraged, but this is not enough, as long as mothers set the example of persistently attributing action good in itself to motives, mean, contemptible and base. In that wholesale imputation of unworthy motives, in which to the student of the human heart they reveal that their own standard is not a high one, and that they are simply judging others by the motives which would have actuated themselves had their relative positions been reversed—they build in the characters of their children the foundation of that want of trust, that suspicion of others, which becoming in time the habit of their lives, sheds around them a poison that, like the shadow of the deadly Upas tree, blights all that it falls upon. There is no deadlier disturber of the peace of families than this. Like a brood of caterpillars, such suspicions eat out all the tender green of the leaves from the tree of family life, leaving nothing but boughs of skeleton verdure, which but too plainly reveal their exquisite mechanism when it is too late for faith to protect them. There are some natures that all through life give gold and receive base metal in return; or, at the best, only silver; who possess spirits that are strong to battle with wrong doing and evil, meanness and injustice, wherever they are found, yet are as weak as reeds when

"Smitten by hands they only knew to trust."

At last there comes a time, perhaps, of hushed voices, stealthy footsteps, and a darkened room, growing yet strangely darker with the shadows of death—angel's wings—when to have given gold for silver in all the relations of life enables them to quit it without misgivings for the future, without regret for the past. Or, perhaps, arriving through long years of discipline and untold sorrows they may even on earth attain that highest, noblest type of benevolence and devotion, in which they give their gold neither for silver nor for copper, but freely, without return at all.

The harvest of such lives is already yellow in the light that is shining on it from the golden hills of heaven. * * *

In no place do the laws of good-breeding bear more gratifying results than in the home circle, where, stripped of their mere formality, tempered with love, and fostered by all kindly impulses, they improve the character and bear the choicest fruits. A true gentlewoman will shew as much courtesy, and observe all the little duties of politeness as unfailingly towards every member of her family as towards the greatest strangers. A true gentleman will never forget that if he is bound to exercise courtesy and kindness in his intercourse with the world, he is doubly bound to do so in his intercourse with the world he is doubly bound to do so in his intercourse with those who depend upon him for advice, protection and example. Children trained in such homes will be quick to show to their elders the respect which is their due, to their young companions that consideration for their feelings which they expect to meet with in return, and to domesticate that patience which even the best, too, often require. The visitor in such a household is not entertained with affairs of the kitchen and nursery, scandal finds no favor, peace and good will are permanent household gods. Such parents are never careless in reference to the associates of their children. "A blockhead makes a blockhead his companion," says Emerson, and it takes but a little leaven of vulgarity to leaven the whole lump.

Mothers often fail to train their children aright from neglecting to commence until after habits have been formed. Habits are like handcuffs—easily put on and difficult to rid oneself of.

Young children are excellent judges of the motives and feelings of those who have the control of them, and if parents would be respected and have their influence abiding, they must treat their children with perfect candor and uprightness. If the mother attempts to cheat them into a compliance with her wishes, they will not only in turn try to deceive, but they will lose all confidence in her. Parents who are over-indulgent are seldom just, and children value justice and strict adherence to promises more than indulgence. Never forget that genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love, and that no one can have really good manners who is not habitually polished at home. Parents should never receive any little attention from their children without thanking them for it, never ask a favor of them but in courteous terms, never reply to their questions in monosyllables, or indulge in the rudeness of paying no attention to a question, and then their children will be ashamed to do such things themselves.

Both parents and teachers too often allow habits of disrespect to be formed—rude, rough, insolent habits, making the stereotyped excuse: "They mean nothing by it," which, if we look at it aright, is worse than no excuse at all. Such habits, formed in the home circle, crop out in the bad manners that are found in society. Respect breeds respect in all conditions of life. The influence of the higher reacts on the lower, and insolence breeds insolence as the only method of self-assertion possible. We know this by ourselves. When we are rudely treated, we involuntarily feel ourselves ready for retaliation, as our protest against the indignity offered. To accept it meekly would seem to us dishonoring and mean-spirited, and we resent it, showing our resentment in a refined and befitting manner. Influence goes from the higher down to the lower—it does not ascend.

Servants who thoroughly understand their work should be left to do it without too much interference. A petulant, fault-finding mistress will make of a good servant a bad one. Nothing so entirely vulgarizes a household as a tone of hostility between servants and employers. A mistress should remember that the best servants she can get are not faultless, but are liable to the same errors, temptations, and passions as their employers. She will endeavor to correct their faults and not to provoke them; above all, she will treat them, and encourage her children to treat them, with uniform kindness and civility, remembering that service is a relationship of employer and employed, and not of master and slave. One can never overestimate the effect of sympathy in dealing with a class of inferior rank to our own. It is not enough to be just and liberal to one's servants, one should also show sympathy by taking kindly interest in their circumstances and general well-being, by looking after their comfort, especially when ill, respecting their religious prejudices, and by not too closely curtailing their amusement.

Many of the complaints of bad servants have their rise in the bad temper, the injustice and the tyranny of their mistresses. When mistresses are what they should be, servants will be what they ought to be. On the other hand the disrespect of a servant should never be passed over lightly. It should be met with immediate and dignified reproof, as should any fall from duty, such as neglect of work, want of punctuality, or prevarication. A persistence in faults can only be dealt with by dismissal. A good mistress knows when to be severe, as well as when to be kind.

The wheels of domestic life need the oil of civility to make them run smoothly, quite as much as the wheels of society, and where it is rely used they neither rust nor wear out in the service of love. "Nagging," or that habit of fault-finding that some indulge in, in the home circle, is a terribly trying one. It will in time make sour even the sweetest temper, and wear even love threadbare. It is the little foxes that eat up the corn; the little misfortunes, annoyances, and perplexities which render life often a burden; the little omissions and commissions which perpetually prick and scourge us, and keep us heart-sore. There is an old proverb: "To make a devil you must take an angel." Constant nagging, persistent misrepresentation of motives, suspicions of evil where no evil was meant, will complete the work in all but the finest and most heroic nature. They alone can stand the fiery test, coming out purer and stronger for the ordeal. George Eliot says, we can only get better by having people about us who raise good feelings. This is one of the secrets of the happiness of some households. Emerson says we need not trouble ourselves about immortality, if we deserve it we will have it. So in the family circle, parents who deserve tender trust and sympathetic love will receive it. Children who are habituated to observe the commandment: "Be kind to one another," will find in mature life how strong the bonds of affection may be made that bind the members of home together. Where the jarring and clashing of rude manners has broken bit after bit from the household shrine, until the cold wind of selfishness has extinguished the flame of love, long exposed to its blasts before it went out entirely—there will be found no bonds of affection to draw together those who are thus separated. The inmates of such homes must wait for another life to open up for them new opportunities of regaining all that they have lost out of this life.

"To step aside from Love is hell—
To walk with Love is heaven."

One fruitful source of family difficulties is found in conflicting interests. Have no business relations with any one who is dear to you. Few natures can stand this test. When the two brothers came to our Lord with their disputes, He said, "Beware of covetousness." This is the shoal whereon, under fair and smiling skies, the bark of family love is so often hopelessly wrecked.

Children are affectionate and sensitive, some more so than others, it is true. The most sensitive ones suffer cruelly in the hardening process. Parents who do not wish the hearts of their children to become callous should never repress their tenderness, never humiliate them before others. They may often be obliged to check and restrain them, but reproof should be administered to each singly, and entirely alone. The same rule applies to servants, and where it is not regarded, mortification may incite manifestations of disrespect, for neither children nor servants are exempt from the weaknesses of humanity, and reproof administered before anyone is always irritating and never profitable. Only those persons indulge in it who are thoughtless, and those who purposely seek to annoy and to wound.

Some parents prohibit their children from talking and laughing at the table; it is unphysiological; it is cruelty. Joyousness promotes the circulation of the blood, enlivens it, invigorates it, sends it tingling to the remotest part of the system, carrying with it animation, vigor and life. Discord controversy from the dining table. Discourage subjects which may invite political or religious rancor. Let every topic introduced be calculated to instruct, to interest, to amuse. Do not let the mind run on business or previous mishaps, or past disappointments. Never tell bad news at the table, nor for half an hour before. Let all you have to communicate be, if possible, of a gladsome, joyous, hilarious character, calculated to bring out pleasant remarks or agreeable associations. Especially never administer a reproof at the social board, either to a servant or child; find fault with nothing; speak unkindly to no one. If remarks are made of the absent, let them contain some word of commendation, and thus will thoughts of the family table come across the memory in after years, when all have been scattered, and some laid in their final resting place, bringing with them grateful recollection of the parents who made home happy, and of the daily meals, doubly welcome for the kindly feelings fostered there.

Family disagreements should never be made known outside of the family where it can be avoided. The world is severe in its judgment of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be. There is nothing that is more vulgar or more repulsive than a family where its members are at "sword's points," as it were, with each other, to say nothing of its unchristian condition.

Where all dwell together in unity, where the confidence is mutual between husband and wife, between parents and children, there is nothing so lovely and attractive in the whole circle of domestic relations as such companionship exhibits. But to sustain this condition of things, children, as they mature into young men and young women, must repay the abundant sympathy that they have received from their childhood, up to manhood and womanhood, with abundant sympathy in return. They must exert themselves to be interested in all that interests their parents, and try to give that sympathetic attention to the expression of feelings and views which parents have earned the right to expect. Who but the mother, that has daily, for long years, given hours to the amusement of her children, playing games with them, or reading books to them day after day, year after year, that possessed no interest for her except as they interested and amused her children—who has unweariedly devoted her life to their instruction and happiness, yielding them at last to others when the time has arrived in which they have found objects of love dearer than a parent can be; crushing down in her heart, for their sakes, all that illimitable longing for their presence in her empty home which a fond mother feels—who but such a mother can know the bitter disappointment of finding that her children fall her in hours when she most needs the support of their sympathy and love?

Yet, let no good mother fear that such a skeleton as a child's ingratitude will ever enter any chamber of her heart to chill and sap by its ghostly presence the very life-blood of her veins; for by the fullness of the measure of love and devotion which she has given, shall she receive measure in return.

"It does not pay to be a mother," was once said by a mother. If it were so, no sadder truth could ever find utterance in this world. It does not pay to be an unfaithful mother; it does not pay to be a selfish mother; but the mother who finds her happiness in the happiness of her children, and whose children in return love her very shadow, as it were, what is there in this life that pays better than such love pays?

For those unfortunates who have not had such mothers, whose surrounding influences in childhood have been such as to start them on the race of life with the wrong goal in view, there is still a remedy as long as the period of youth lasts. After the age of thirty, habits, manners and character become fixed. Before that time, although it is a giant task, the direction may be changed, the bent wood of the sapling turned straight, the work of self-education, self-improvement, self-culture, may be commenced with such enduring resolve as to promise a victory over habits, manners and character. Hard as it is for youth to get the wrong start in life because of the incapacity of parents to direct, it has many hours to look forward to in which it can regain all that has been lost; and sometimes it does seem as though such competitors gained upon others in the race who had the start long before them.

"There is no time like the Eternal Now!" came from the lips of a dying mother, as her only daughter sat in the solemn silence of midnight alone by her bed. The mother's words struck chords that thrilled through her child as some grand piece of music thrills, or the grander tones of the crashing thunder. There is no time like the eternal now, for if we improve it as we ought, we shall have no past to regret and no future to fear. A new year approaches, and looking back upon the old one drawing near its close, we now have the opportunity of profiting by its lessons. There is no teacher so likely to have his lessons heeded as Experience. Who is there living, that in this retrospective glance cannot see his mistakes lying about, oppressive reminders of lost opportunities? Recall the offence of child, or sister, or brother, too closely scanned and unforgiven; the belief denied to some loving heart that would have blessed your life with its believing if it had been trusted as loyally as it trusted you; the charity refused; the rudeness committed; the wrong done and unrequited; with the ghostly army of errors of heart and judgment, to haunt us as we look back across the waste which the dying year has brought! Now is the time to which it rests with us to make in the future a better, truer life than we have made in the past. It is our misfortune that our strength is not always equal to our aspirations; the result of which is that we make resolutions and break them. The gifts of life are not promised to all that seek them, but to all that endure to the end. The best of us may never, in this existence, win them; may only catch glimpses of that Promised Land, where they all lie; but, although now and then failing with weariness by the wayside, or getting entangled in the briars that arrest our progress, we cannot sink in the mire of life, if we keep on that one sure path of duty which leads to our eternal home. Here, we cannot all have happy homes; were it so, we should never look forward to that promised one which not even death nor the grave can keep the weary heart from longing for. With a wise hand our Heavenly Father has veiled the glories of that eternal home from mortal eyes. To behold them would but make us less happy than we are now, when the joys that we do feel are the greatest that we know of. Were we allowed to have a glimpse of the bliss of future worlds, our impatience to attain to our homes in those mansions not made with hands would embitter our life here. How soon and how easily may the barriers of life be overleaped! How many thousands, now bearing the daily burden of their wretched earthly homes, the sting of unkindness or ingratitude, the serpent bite of treachery, the gnawing worm of faithlessness, would, forgetful of their duties, throw off these burdens and sever the chains that hold their spirits to their prison-houses?

But it is God's will that we should work out our destination on earth, as far as it is to be fulfilled here; that we should not voluntarily and capriciously put an end to our earthly career, in moments when our strength succumbs to our agony, and endurance no longer seems possible; but that we should pursue it to its furthest goal. Therefore, be placed as guardians before the closed gates of eternity, fear and anxious doubt, and the awful stillness of death, and impenetrable darkness. These guardians drive back the human race, that it may pursue to the end its appointed path on earth. In spite of all the discomforts of life, in spite of our impatient longing to be reunited with the friends who have gone before us, the terrors that surround eternity keep many anguished souls from rashly leaping over the barrier which separates them from their real fatherland.

We all have a work to do in our earthly homes before we leave them—a work of self-development; and as we perform it we either grow in likeness to the brutes, or in likeness to Him who conferred upon us the sublime power which we call spirit. Virtue does not exist for the sake of this world alone, but for eternity. In the realm of the All-Just the law of retribution reigns as it reigns here.

This work of self-culture, of self-improvement, cannot be a matter of indifference to any one, for upon it depends the happiness of our earthly homes, as well as our fitness for the enjoyments of a spiritual existence. The manifold sufferings which noble beings here below endure for the sake of their beloved ones—friend for friend, parents for children—do but help us in this work of discipline; and although these tears, these cares, these sacrifices, may remain unrequited here, eternity brings the recompense.

Toward that home where dwell the loved ones who have gone before, let us unwaveringly fix our eyes, determining that nothing shall retard us in our heaven-appointed task of forming and perfecting our characters. If there be a wrong which we have committed, let us repair it; if there be a fellow-being whom we have offended, let us seek reconciliation; they who have offended us, let us forgive as we hope to be forgiven; let us strive without ceasing to rise above unworthy ambitions, envy, and all vicious tendencies; that when the angel of death comes to lead us from the fleeting joys of our earthly homes, we may be prepared to enjoy the inconceivable and steadfast bliss of Eternity. Charity, love to God and love to man, is the parent and source of every spiritual perfection. Only those who dwell in love dwell in God; only those who dwell in love can make happy homes on earth, or enjoy the life beyond, where all is love.

It is in vain that we ask this gift—a heart of love—of the Angel of Life. We must mould our own material, quarry our own nature, make our own character.

Who that has read the poem from which the following quotation is made, can ever forget the lesson that it teaches?

"Dear angel bright," I cried,
"From each and all I'll part,
If thou'lt bestow that richer gift,
A pure and spotless heart."

The angel smiled (with such a smile
As angels only have.)
Then sighing low, a diamond glass
Into my hand he gave.

"Oh, mine is not the power," he said,
"To fit thy heart for heaven;
The gift to purify thy soul
Unto thyself is given.

"But look within the faithful glass
That I have given thee,
And there, within thy outer self,
Thy inner self thou'lt see."

I looked. 'Twas strange, but there I saw
Two beings joined in one;
For clearly through the outer shell
A radiant spirit shone.

Long, long I gazed, and years on years
Seemed there to pass away,
And still I saw that spirit bright
Grow brighter every day.

At last 'twas free—free from the shell
That dimmed its brilliant glow,
And upward flew an angel wings
And left the shell below.

NEWPORT, October, 1877.

THE END.

LONG AGO.

BY J. C. H.

He gave me his promise of changeless truth,
(Down in the wood where the ivy clings;)
And the air breathed rapture, and love, and youth,
(And you tree was in bud where the throstle sings.)

He said he was going across the sea,
(Far from the wood where the ivy clings,)
And would bring back riches and jewels for me;
(But brown leaves shake where the throstle sings.)

Hope made Life like a Summer morn;
(Sweet was the wood where the ivy clings;)
Now my heart is cold, and withered, and worn,
(And the bough is bare where the throstle sings.)

Days are dreary, and life is long;
(Yet down in the wood the ivy clings.)
And the winds they moan a desolate song,
(And there's snow on the bough where no throstle sings.)

Spring will come with its buds and leaves
(Back to the wood where the ivy clings;)
But 'tis Winter cold for the heart that grieves,
(And I hear not the song that the throstle sings.)

THE BLOOM OF THE HEART.

Under the blue of the mid-May sky,
Under the shadows of beech and lime,
Watching cloud-shallops drift idly by,
Free from the thralldom of fate and time;
Lulled by the murmur of breeze and stream,
Twitter of songster, flutter of spray,
That sweetly blend with the waking dream,
And whisper one magical word alway:
Held by the spell of an exquisite face,
A voice that is dearer than all things dear,
Ah, but the world is a fairy place
In the bloom of the heart, the May of the year!

Sitting alone in the waning light,
In the dead November's leaden dearth,
Watching the mists rise ghostly white,
And blend in the shadows, and quench the earth;
Musing for aye on the might-have-been—
Sweet might-have-been that may not be—
The tender hopes and the fancies green
That faded and fluttered on life's fair tree;
Haunted alway by a vanished face,
A voice that is hushed in the midnight drear,
Ah, but the world is a weary place
In the gloom of the heart, the gray of the year!

AUNT ESTHER'S DOWRY.

By Mrs. Moore,

AUTHOR OF "ON DANGEROUS GROUND."

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

Ah! there is nothing in the world that will so re-act upon the heart as love—nothing that will so fill the inner being with new life, as the thought that we are necessary to the happiness of another.

Isabel heard footsteps near her chamber-door, and timid and trembling as the bride of an hour, she watched to see if her husband had followed her.

No, it was a servant who brought a summons for her to the drawing-room. In her new found happiness she would have denied herself to all, but glancing at the card, she found another pleasure in store for her.

Her old friend, Herbert Norris—a son, by the first wife, of the gentleman her Aunt Esther had married, and who had been traveling with them in Europe—was awaiting her.

With much of her old impulsive manner, she hurried down the stair-case, impatient to see one who brought tidings from her beloved aunt. In her eagerness she did not even observe her husband, who was just returning to the library; but he paused to look after her, so strange was it to see her in so much animation. He overheard the first words of greeting.

"O Herbert, how glad I am to see you—it has seemed so long since——" The door closed, and Arthur Falkner was no listener, so the last part of her sentence, "since I have heard from Aunt Esther" was lost upon him.

He entered the library, and locked himself in. Folding his arms behind him, he paced the room to and fro.

"At length the knowledge of who it is Isabel loves is to be forced upon me—who it is that can call back her old ways; all coldness as she has proven to others. Ah, my wife! why did God deny me the love that would have brought me such perfect happiness?"

"I deserve it—I deserve it all," he continued, "all the agony that I have suffered—all that I am suffering now—the future has no trial in store for me that I have not merited; for in my wretched selfishness did I not shut her out from the heaven of love that was dawning upon her? Isabel, may God forgive me! you never can; nor can I forgive myself."

He sat down in his arm-chair, and burying his face in his hands, thought how he could best recompense her for the trials she had undergone. To separate from her would never do. Slander might assign a cause that would bring disgrace upon her.

Scheme after scheme was revolved, but to adopt the only one that seemed to him capable of restoring her to happiness, required so much of self denial that he would have gladly abandoned it; but again and again it recurred to him, until at length he triumphed over the selfishness of his heart so much as to offer her a separation and a settlement. For this purpose he left the library to see if she were yet disengaged.

Meantime, Isabel, after wearying Herbert with questions about her aunt, volunteered to gather a bouquet for him from the conservatory. He accompanied her there for the purpose, and laughing and chatting they loitered through, culling their spoils here and there, and finally sitting down in Isabel's boudoir to arrange them. With the freedom of their childish acquaintance, he stooped to fasten some sprays of daphnia in her hair, when Mr. Falkner entered the room and quietly looked on.

It was such an unusual thing, that Isabel was quite startled out of her self-possession.

"Mr. Falkner, Mr. Norris—my cousin Herbert—Aunt Esther's step-son," said Isabel, explanatively.

Mr. Falkner was coldly polite; and the restraint of his presence caused it to be a relief when Herbert Norris left.

Isabel's eyes fell, and her cheeks burned under her husband's steady gaze, for her thoughts were full of the secret she had discovered.

Her embarassment confirmed the truth of his suspicions.

A cluster of daphnia fell from Isabel's hair. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she stooped, picked it up, and carefully placed it in a vase of water.

Again the glow of a smouldering fire shot from Mr. Falkner's eyes. The stormy passions of his nature, over which his manhood had gained such an ascendency, were triumphing now. They were reflected in that strange glance, in the pallor of his face, in the lips that worked convulsively, although no sound escaped them.

Isabel, unconscious of the change, still sat caressing the flower, which she had placed upon a stand beside her, and although she knew it not, her happiness visible in her very air, despite her furtive look and blushing cheeks.

At length the storm broke in all its fury.

"Isabel, I came here to release you from the bonds which my own folly forged for you, but I was not prepared to see such shameless bravery. It would seem that there is one who has the power to call up, even in my presence, smiles that to all others are denied. Would to God you had concealed it from my eyes better, and not have aroused the demon within me!"

Isabel, fixing her innocent, pleading eyes upon him said:

"What have I done to deserve these cruel words? You are wronging me, indeed you are.

Her husband interrupted her

"Do you take me for an idiot that you deny me the evidence of my own senses?" he questioned, and then, as she would have answered, he continued. "Listen to me," at the same time snatching the daphnia from the vase and tearing the flowers apart—"while you remain in this house, madam, you will preserve no love tokens to gall me with the sight; nor shall you, with my consent, have another interview with your lover here. In pursuance of the plans which I came to communicate to you, I will immediately make arrangements with your parents for your removal; and then, in a few months at the farthest—when you have obtained the divorce, for the application for which I give my consent—you will be at liberty to receive his visits without dishonor to yourself or to me."

He turned to leave the room.

"My husband! for mercy's sake, listen to me! If you only would, how much misery might be spared to both—I cannot be sent from you—I—"

He shook his head—a mocking smile was on his lips, as he paused in the doorway to say:

"And so it grieves you to leave all these pretty gewgaws? Well, it shall be as you say—no doubt you will find though, your lover will repay you for all such deprivations."

Had it not been for the unworthy suspicions these words betrayed, Isabel would never have suffered him to depart, until she had convinced him of his mistake. This it was that sealed her lips—that froze the warm current of her veins, and made her sink back upon her seat, nerveless and rigid as marble.

Amidst her whirl of thought came the one recollection—he loves me. "His own heart will teach him how unjustly he has judged me, and he will return to me again," she said, as the door closed after him.

In vain she waited—the weary day passed on, and even at the meal-hours he did not join her. At length, in the solitude of her chamber she abandoned herself to her grief. The tears that came to her aid relieved a heart that seemed all but bursting with its anguish. She could not sleep, but, in the exhaustion that followed her fit of weeping, she lay motionless. The clear moonlight that flooded the room fell brightest upon the couch where she had thrown herself, her long waves of hair unloosed, the forgotten clusters of daphnia still tangled in its thick masses, yielding their odorous breath, all bruised and blighted as they were.

The moonlight faded from her form, and left it robed in shadows. By and by it died entirely out of the room, and the darkness of night settled over all. It was a weary time to lie and think, but the gray light of morning still found Isabel with unclosed eyes—those strangely beautiful eyes, more beautiful in their languor than ever.

At length the chamber was flooded with sunlight. It roused Isabel from the apathy that settled upon her and inspired her with new courage.

After an unusually careful toilet she went down to the library, hoping to meet her husband there, before going to the breakfast-room, confident in her power of convincing him, in his calmer moments, of the wrong he had done her. The door was locked. She tapped gently, but received no answer. The day wore away, and, disappointed and sick at heart, the evening shadows again fell around her. The next day and the next, he still remained closeted in his library, denying himself to all, save the agent who had charge of his estates, and office-boys that occasionally came and went with packages of papers.

What could it mean?

At night until a late hour she could hear him pace the floor of his bed-room; but there she could not disturb him.

Thus things had gone on for nearly a week, and Isabel was almost worn out with suspense, when one morning, at an early hour, her mother, pale and greatly agitated, came in unannounced, and threw her arms around her. Isabel, weak and nervous as she was, returned the embrace without questioning, and wept outright.

"It is terrible, my child! terrible! and so sudden. Do calm yourself and tell me all about it."

Still Isabel sobbed on and made no answer.

"I had never thought of the possibility of such a thing. Your husband, of all others. Do try to tell me how it came about—how came he to risk so much?"

Isabel dashed the tears from her eyes and looked up at her mother.

"You must know more than I do," she said, striving to calm herself. "It was an unfortunate misunderstanding—but I thought no one knew of it but ourselves."

"Misunderstanding! no one knew of it! Heavens! is the child crazy, that she does not know the whole town is ringing with it!"

Isabel gave one cry of anguish, and fell prone at her mother's feet.

That terrible cry brought Mr. Falkner, in his dressing-gown, to his wife's room. He lifted her and carried her to the window, dashing up the casement to let in the cool morning air.

"Isabel! Isabel!" called the mother frantically.

Mr. Falkner spoke not a word, although his presence of mind did not forsake him. He laid her on the couch and brought aromatic vinegars, with which he chafed her forehead and her cold hands, until the quiver of her eye-lids and the heaving of her breast denoted a return of consciousness.

A moment more and she sat upright, with her hands pressed over her forehead.

"What has happened? Tell me quickly, or I shall lose my reason—I know it is something dreadful."

"I will tell you, Isabel—you shall hear it from my own lips. I am ruined, but I will not drag you down to ruin with me."

She did not understand.

"No, no, that is not it—that would be nothing. Tell me, mother, what is it? Oh, I remember now," and, sinking back among the cushions, she said, in piteous tones, "Oh, Arthur! why would you not listen to me, before it was too late?—to think that every one should know of this cruel misunderstanding!"

Mrs. Ashley stopped her rocking and her weeping, in both of which she had been indulging, in order to soothe her excited state, and looked up in amazement.

"She has lost her reason—I know she has. To call your failure nothing, when every one says that you are determined to pay everything, and will not have a cent left. I know if I were a man and had a wife dependent upon me, I would not give all to my creditors."

"Is it true, Arthur? Is this what mother means?—have you lost all?" asked Isabel, with eagerness.

"Almost every thing—but you will not blame me for the course I have pursued, when you know all."

"Blame you?" cried Isabel, springing into his arms. "I thank God for it, for now I can tell you without fear of misconstruction, how very dear you are to me, for yourself alone," and she hid her head upon his shoulder, frightened at her own temerity.

It was a strong clasp that held her there and powerful were the throbs of the agitated heart that answered the gentle beatings of her own.

Arthur Falkner knew that he was beloved by his wife—he felt it in the clinging of her arm around his neck, he read it in the depth of her blue eyes, when he swept aside her hair to kiss her forehead—he had not one doubt of it, and yet how much there was to him still unexplained.

Mrs. Ashley felt herself an intruder, and folding her shawl around her in a gracefully becoming manner, she quietly took her departure. "Queerer" than ever seemed to her the "notions" that Aunt Esther had instilled into Isabel. To be thankful for the loss of a fortune, was more than she could comprehend; and she was quite vexed with herself for her waste of sympathy. She could not understand Isabel's allusions to a misunderstanding, nor did she care to, so centered was every thought upon the unanticipated failure of her son-in-law.

CHAPTER VI.

Not many weeks elapsed before the red flag of the auctioneer fluttered from a window of Mr. Falkner's mansion. A long line of carriages was drawn up in front and in the neighborhood of the house, and a continual stream of people was pouring in and out of the entrance. Never on festal nights had it been so crowded. All over, from the attic to the cellar, curious eyes were peeping. Rude hands examined the texture of the gorgeous curtains, and rattled the plate, glass and silver, as though it were the first time such articles had fallen under their notice. Merry laughter and gossipping remarks floated here and there above the general buzz that pervaded every apartment.

At length the auctioneer's hammer silenced those who had come for the purpose of buying, but with the majority, the stream of gossip flowed on.

A showily dressed little body, with a profusion of light curls clustering around her insipid, thoughtless face, was delighted with a Parian ornament that had been knocked down to her at double the value.

"If a person does not care to pay a good price for anything, they had better not bid against me," she said to her companion, "for when I once start anything, I will have it at any rate, and it only makes me the more determined if two or three are bidding against me. I would have paid a hundred times the value of that vase before I would have given it up."

"A fool and his money are soon parted," said an old woman dressed in rusty black, who stood close by the lady's elbow, but as her eyes were steadily fixed upon the auctioneer, the owner of the vase did not seem to receive the remark as personal.

"No. 96. An elegant Dresden china night-lamp. That will soon be up. Shall I bid upon it, Eloise?" said a mustached and perfumed exquisite, to his fiancee, leaning upon his arm.

"It is not worth while, for you know we shall have gas, Alphonse, and we can turn it very low," she answered, with the most perfect nonchalance.

The old lady looked straight at them through her glasses, gave a most expressive "Humph!" and was soon absorbed again in her catalogue.

"That Dresden china lamp I am determined to have," whispered the buyer of the vase, "so there is no use in Dr. Wilmington's coveting it for his bride that is to be. Isabel Falkner valued it, I know, for it was one of the gifts that her Aunt Esther sent her from Europe. Won't she be piqued at my having it?—she always did treat me as though I were nobody."

"No. 96," cried the auctioneer. "An elegant Dresden china night-lamp."

"Which is marked retained," said the bookkeeper.

"Which is amongst the articles retained," repeated the auctioneer. "No. 97. An original, by Luini."

"Oh what a spite, to think that after all, I should not have that lamp," said the lady of the flaxen curls. "I wanted to carry it to her, for the sake of seeing where she is living now. I expect she has cried her eyes out before this, and if her husband don't get reproaches enough from her and her mother, I am mistaken. I pity him, poor soul!"

This was but one of the very many charitable suppositions that were that day made of the Falkners. How keenly disappointed would have been the envious hearts from which they proceeded, could they have known the true state of things.

Mr. Falkner had saved more from the wreck of his fortune than he had anticipated—enough to yield him a moderate income; and happier than they had ever been before, they took possession of the house which Isabel had buried herself in furnishing, during the many days in which her husband was so closely confined in examining his accounts.

It was not Isabel's taste alone that had been in requisition, it was her means as well that had provided every thing.

The first steamer that arrived from Europe after her husband's misfortune was made public, brought a letter from Aunt Esther, which contained the following passages:

"We hear, dear Isabel, that your husband will be deeply involved by the failure of his consignee in Liverpool; so you must now accept from my hands the dowry that was long ago promised you, and which, considering the many years that I passed under your father's roof without incurring the expenses of an establishment of my own, is no more than you are justly entitled to. By inquiring at my lawyers, you will find that the sum of ten thousand dollars was settled upon you previous to my marriage, and, therefore, there is accumulated for you the interest of several years. I had intended giving it to you when you should marry, thinking that you might be united to one to whom it would be an assistance; but we heard such accounts of the magnificence of your husband's establishment, that I knew it would be but 'as a drop in a bucket;' and I rejoice that I reserved it for the days of reverses, to which the wealthiest are liable in our country.

"You used to mention a Mr. Bramley in your letters to me. Is his first name Ralph? There has lately died in Leicestershire an eccentric old gentleman, a Sir Ralph Bramley of Bramley Hall, who has left his entire property to a nephew and namesake in America, to the exclusion of his young wife, to whom he was married about a year since. I hope the heir will provide liberally for the widow."

So Aunt Esther's generosity furnished Isabel with means; and never was there a prouder wife than was she, when for the first time she showed her husband through the house. His eyes were full of happy tears, and although Mr. Falkner made brave efforts to hide his own, there was more than one that escaped his control.

"Here is the library, dearest. It would not hold all your book-cases, of course, but we measured the recesses, and Herbert retained those that fitted them best, filling them first with your most valuable books. The carpets and chairs, too—do they not look natural?"

Mr. Falkner sat down in his favourite chair, and drew his wife into his lap. He could not speak, but he pressed his tremulous lips again and again upon her cheeks and brow.

There, folded caressingly in his arms, Isabel made her explanations. She told frankly of all the phases of her fancy for Ralph Bramley; of which her husband had never before the slightest suspicion. How gently he chided her for not confiding her troubles sooner to him, at the same time reproaching himself for his want of discernment. He made her repeat to him the history of her awakened love for himself—the misery she endured at the thought of the separation that she supposed he was laboring to effect when his business affairs were alone engrossing his attention—the anguish of the moment, when ignorant of the true cause of her mother's emotions, she misinterpreted her meaning; and, in return, he confessed to her that disappointed love alone had prompted him to deny the love that he felt for her.

Never was human happiness more full and complete than theirs. Truly has it been said that "Love is happiness for this world, and for eternity—a flame which burns in heaven, and of which the soft reflection extends to ourselves."

Mrs. Ashley saw nothing in the new state of things to repay her for the mortification she endured at her daughter's change of circumstances.

"Isabel has no ambition, Mr. Ashley," she said complainingly, to her husband. "She actually seems as happy again as she did when mistress of her superb home, with its retinue of servants. I am sure I shall never get over the loss of it. And now, only to think, she keeps no carriage. Why, in the whole city, there was not one that could equal her turn-out; but she does not care a sous. It is too trying. You may thank your sister Esther for it, Mr. Ashley; it was all her doings, making Isabel such a spiritless, unambitious creature as she is."

"I am sure I do thank her for it," replied Mr. Ashley, with more warmth than he generally manifested. "I have felt that we have great reason to thank her, for Isabel has borne herself like a true woman through her husband's reverses. I am proud of my daughter. I have never heard one word of repining from her lips; and her husband says that her presence would fill a hovel with sunshine and make it a palace to him. There was a time when I feared you had done wrong in encouraging her to marry a man so much her senior, and thought it possible that she had fancied Bramley. By the way, did you hear that he had inherited an immense fortune from an English relative?"

"Bramley? Ralph Bramley?—Isabel's old lover!"

"Yes, some say his income will be fifty thousand a year; Bramley himself does not estimate it as high as that. He told me yesterday that while it would not fall short of forty thousand, neither would it much exceed it."

Mrs. Ashley looked the picture of despair, but she wisely said nothing. Her husband was too much like Aunt Esther and Isabel, to sympathize with her in this new affliction. To think that the poor lover she had sneered at should in one short year have reached the pinnacle of wealth, while the rich suitor, whose hand she had all but forced her daughter to accept, had in the same brief period met with such a dizzy fall, was a bit of republican experience that she was far from relishing.

Her vanity and her ambition had subjected her daughter to perils which might have proven her downfall, had it not been for the principles which Aunt Esther had so faithfully instilled—a dowry, of which Isabel well knew the value, for she knew what a wreck her life might have been had not the influence of her early education been strong to hold her in the paths of right.

Ralph Bramley crossed the ocean to meet with a bitter disappointment. A new will had been found, which gave the young widow undisputed possession of the entire property, so long as she remained a widow? In the event of her marrying, Ralph was to succeed to the property.

This was a heavy blow to him, but so completely did he disguise his feelings, as to convince his new found relative, that he was the most disinterested person in the world. Accepting her proffered hospitalities, he improved his time so well that at the end of a month he had succeeded in fully convincing her that the wishes of the "dear deceased" would be best carried out by their union. Accordingly Bramley took a tour on the continent until the period for mourning expired, when he returned to take possession of his estate and its fair incumbrance.

His married life was far from being a happy one.

United to one beneath him in the scale of intellect—one toward whom he was only attracted by sordid motives, his punishment daily became more severe. The society which should have constituted the chief charms of his home grew more and more irksome. He plunged from one species of dissipation into another in his vain search for happiness, disappointing the high hopes of his friends, doing violence to his own better nature, and squandering the income for which he had taken upon himself bonds that had soon became galling to him.

Thus, from his want of moral principle, was Ralph Bramley alone the sufferer in the blight that fell upon his early love.

THE END.

It is claimed that the moon has increased in rapidity of motion one inch in the last century. This is somewhat surprising, as one would naturally think from being out at night so much, it would become "fast" a great deal sooner.

Mrs. Merrill's Cat.

BY MRS. S. A. M. MOSS.

When I tell you that I do not, and never did, like cats, you will understand that I am not an Egyptian, and not even of Egyptian descent; that I was born and reared far from the birthplace of Cleopatra, far from the land of the Ptolemys. You will realize, too, that the hand which holds and guides this pen would not hold and guide it to write the biography of any ordinary cat.

Tom was Mrs. Merrill's cat, and such a cat! So jetty black; so aristocratic; so talented; so beautiful! He seemed to understand all that was done, and know all that was said. He could lift a latch, shut a door, ask for his dinner, and in the absence of his mistress guard the house like a faithful watch-dog. All stray hens, ducks, geese and turkeys avoided the garden of Mrs. Merrill, for they well knew that Tom was on the watch for them and would not hesitate to bid them depart with "bruised wings."

Tom and his mistress had been friends and companions for seven long years, ever since David Merrill went away; but I forget. You do not yet know about that.

The day was almost done. The last rays of the setting sun were shining on meadow and lea; the fleecy clouds were here flushed with crimson and there tinted with gold and azure, when David Merrill kissed his fair young wife farewell.

He was going away, but not for a long time. Sailors never count time by weary waiting moments. A little later and he was out of sight, far away where the restless billows fretted and foamed against the shore; far away where a boat was in waiting to bear him to the ship that was to go down to the distant seas.

Then the twilight hour came on, casting a glamour over hill and glen, and the young wife watched until the far-away hills, and the distant wood, and the little grove, were darkened. Then she went home and began her weary, patient waiting and watching, watching and waiting for his return, sighing all the while:

"Not one in ten returns
Of those that go."

And the minutes passed, and the days and hours, and the weeks and months and years, and he came not. The earth grew light, then dark; warm, then cold again; the buds awaked, then slumbered; the birds built their nests and sang their sweet songs, and again for a time ceased to sing. Dame Nature did not forget to be beautiful. Mrs. Merrill spun and knit and wove and sewed, sock after sock, garment after garment, for her absent husband, until the big chest and the leather-covered trunk and the bureau drawers were filled to the very brim.

So the years went by and he came not. But we never quite cease to look for those who have been lost at sea; we can never quite accept the stern fact that they are gone from us forever. We seem to see them as last we saw them, except that their surroundings are different; they are prisoners in a foreign land; they are with the Arabs of the desert, or alone on some uninhabited ocean isle; they are sick in some distant hospital, or, shipwrecked and penniless, are forced dwellers for a time in some far-away place. We shall yet see them. They will come again when we least expect; and we hope, and love, and believe.

Mrs. Merrill did no less, and her pretty vine-wreathed cottage with its sunny western windows, and the garden blooming with fragrant flowers, and the fair paths, and tree-shaded grassy places, wore always a look of welcome.

Tom grew to be a most beautiful creature, and was proud indeed of his glossy coat and flashing eyes. He was a very stately cat, and most decorous.

As time passed on, Mrs. Merrill's little hoard of money began to decrease; and, wishing to "make good" the amount that David had left, and provide also for her own maintenance, in case he should return no more, she went out in summer to work "by the day" for such of her neighbors as were able and glad to engage her services in house-cleaning, washing, ironing, or taking care of the sick. In winter she took in sewing, weaving and spinning, and knit stockings and mittens which always found a ready sale at the village below.

In this way she managed not only to support herself and Tom, but to lay by weekly a small sum of money for any future time of need. One day a scarred and weather-beaten sailor came to town to visit some distant cousin, and Mrs. Merrill heard the whole true, sad story. This sailor was on board the "Mary Jane," the vessel on which David Merrill had sailed. He knew that she was at the bottom of the sea, and had no doubt that all except himself who had been on board had perished.

One night when there was a violent storm, there rose a sudden cry on board the "Mary Jane:"

"Fire! Fire!"

The men worked for their lives, but there was no hope of extinguishing the flames. Then the boats were lowered, but the wind was high and the sea heavy, and some were swamped in launching. Into the others crowded the men, women and children, but there was little hope for life in such a storm. Only one of the boats was ever heard from, and when found all in her had perished except the scarred and weather-beaten sailor who was now in town.

David Merrill, then, would surely return no more. * * * * *

It was a terrible night—chilling, biting, piercing cold. The winds were high, and the light snow was being tossed hither and thither in wildest confusion. Mrs. Merrill sat by her fire musing; her knitting lay in her lap; the shining needles forgot their click-clack, and only the roaring of the sea and the rushing of the great winds could be heard.

Suddenly Tom started up from the hearth-rug and hastened to the door, saying "Mew! mew!" which meant in cat language, "I want to go out!" Mrs. Merrill was surprised at this new freak in her usually quiet Tom. Seldom indeed did he leave her side of an evening. But she opened the door a little way, and Tom disappeared. After a little time he came again—"Mew! mew!"—but when his mistress opened the door he scampered away into the darkness, crying: "Mew! mew!"

What did it mean? What could it mean? Was her Tom insane?

First at the door, then at the window he appeared: "Mew! mew!" But no inducement could tempt him into the house, and whenever his mistress would attempt to catch him he would hasten to scamper away. At last, wearied with her efforts to get him to enter the house and go to rest like a respectable cat, as he had always been, she said:

"Well, stay out if you wish to, but keep quiet and do not disturb me."

But the usually obedient Tom was not to be scolded into silence, any more than he was to be flattered into the house. He still kept up his "Mew! mew!"

At last Mrs. Merrill lost all patience with the disobedient animal, and determined to secure him and bring him in. Tying on her hood and shawl, she followed fast after him as he ran on before her.

Down the path leading from the house to the main road; then on a little further, close beside a huge snow drift, Tom paused and began to mew and scratch in the snow. Some part of a garment was soon visible. Then Mrs. Merrill began to realize why Tom had acted so foolishly.

Some one was freezing to death almost at her door. Her fingers were numb with the cold, but she was a brave woman, and worked with a will. Soon the form of a man was visible. He was clad in sailor's clothes.

How fast her heart beat as she half carried, half dragged him to the house and into the warmth and light, followed closely by the faithful Tom.

She looked into his face. She had not waited quite in vain, for the man was yet alive, and he was her own husband! David Merrill had at last come home.

FACETIÆ

—"A want of the age"—Hair.

—Rifle club—A gang of thieves.

—A brass band—A pinchbeck ring.

—"Winding up business"—Starting the clock.

—Prize-fighters also occasionally strike for wages.

—Articles for Spring wear—Steel hoops and bustles.

—Wanted—A "picture of happiness" for a "frame of mind."

—Fighting for the right is generally less effective than fighting with the right.

—A motto for the man with tender feet: "Cornucopia"—A copious amount of corns.

—An Ethiopian really changed color in a down-town ward recently. He whitewashed a tarred fence.

—There is no necessary connection between a serial tale and a monkey's tail, simply because both are continued.

—The soda-water man is again beginning to take particular notice of the character of the winks bestowed upon him by his customers.

—Whether it is more blessed to give than to receive in a good many cases, depends on the position of the individual with respect to the action.

—The ancient Egyptians used to glue the mummies of their ancestors to the walls of their households. These are the earliest instances of "stuck-up" men and women on record.

—"Titles of rank" are not conferred by the laws of the United States, though this is only one of the reasons why we never see boarding-house butter alluded to in the Constitution.

—In Rhetoric, metonymy means a change of name, but not of substance. An instance of its use is seen where *delerium tremens* is more practically, but less latinically referred to as "jim-jams."

—Cheap as dress is in America, it is much cheaper in such a comparatively uncivilized land as New Zealand. There, nothing more is required than enough cash to buy an old hat, that article constituting a full suit of native wearing apparel.

—There is a bill before the State Legislature proposing to close all places of amusement on Sunday. There is consequently considerable commotion among emotional young ladies and gentlemen lest it embrace the front-parlor Sunday nights.

—Nature is seldom superfluous in her gifts. It is true that the mule would not be likely to take the first premium in the matter of tails; but what does an animal that can kick a fly from his ear with the off hind leg, want with such an almost useless appendage?

—A Chicago paper thinks that Sothern, the actor, ought to omit his Dundreary joke about "wagging your left ear," when visiting St. Louis. Besides the fact that it might appear personal, the common possession of this accomplishment in that city would seem to rob it of all point.

—A new tariff constructed especially with reference to filling foreign pockets, may prostrate our Republic's general industries; but editors have the sad consciousness of knowing that it will require a national movement of a more Herod-like character to kill of the crop of America's original poets.

—Long hair was fashionable with men in many ranks of life until within a few centuries. Now-a-days some women in looking over the pictures of the worthies of those times, think less of the custom as a reflection of taste than the facilities it must have offered the wives of the period to obtain a good hold.

—Regularly with the recurrence of the seasons, Dr. Mary Walker surreptitiously sends for the tailors' fashion plates, and eagerly scanning the noble visages thereon assembled, hopes to find her own "phiz" crowning the structure of one of the latest styles in pantaloons, an honor her arduous duties well deserve.

—There are many proofs that Spring is here. The finishing link to the chain of evidence may be obtained by walking carelessly down any back street these pleasant days, and getting a crack in the eye from the improvised base-ball of a number of enthusiastic youths engaged in that exhilarating sport.

—Philosophers have never yet explained why the youth who, visiting his sweetheart, is ready to let her rest for hours on his vest-pattern, if she but complains of the slightest head-ache, will tell the same woman to "cheese it," or "wrap it up and go to bed," after marriage, without so much sympathy as to take the pipe out of his mouth to say it.

—The immense value of address is knowing just what to say in every circumstance of life, and saying it. But there are few men who, after a prolonged struggle with a banana peel, are finally brought violently to earth, that do not believe propriety is in no wise violated by the temporary suspension of the various scriptural injunctions against too much earnestness of language.

—Fault-finders, in criticizing the new silver dollar, say the woman's head on one side has too much "jaw" to look natural; while this very fact only shows the engraver's keen perception of the occasion's requirements. It would be hardly possible to endow the female entity with too much jaw, unless the coin were extended to the size of a stove plate, and the maxillary run over and including both sides.

GET RID OF YOUR COLD AT ONCE by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and so avoid the risk of developing a serious Lung trouble.

MY OLD VIOLIN.

BY P. H. DOYLE.

Comes the misty twilight, growing into deeper darkness, throwing
Dusky shadows 'round me, glowing as when clouds obscure the moon:
Or as oft we see in seeming, 'twixt a sleepy-wakeful dreaming,
When the sun is brightly beaming on some summer afternoon
In the drowsy hours steaming to the lazy month of June,
Filled with flowers and perfume.

Sad the old airs seem to linger on each slowly-stepping finger,
And refuse to briskly sing, or ring as they are wont to be;
Sometimes softly, gently dying, like a wind-harp's string a-sighing,
Or a mother's hush-a-bying o'er the baby at her knee,
On that dear theme underlying Nature's sweetest minstrelsy,
Love—born in Eternity.

Then from out the sounds rise, welling in a strange harmonious swelling,
Odds and ends of lost songs, telling each a story of its own;
Tales of boyhood's boundless gladness, tales of Life's increasing sadness—
Love's first hope and later madness, live and die in every tone—
That hot, bitter, blinding madness that may make our days one moan,
As poor Niobe's, in stone.

"And 'tis thou, brown necromancer, long the toady of the dancer,
That I hold thus in my hands here, who hast brought these mem'ries fair!
Scapegoat of all Music's evil, banned by some unto the devil,
Both in cleric curse and civil, none have dared to place thee there
Where the chosen sons of Eve 'll chant the everlasting prayer!
Thou—a harp beyond compare!

Younger-yeared, I loved thee merely; but with passing time more dearly,
Till my heart now clasps thee nearly, as my hand an old friend's hand;
And I feel with just elation that the Law of Compensation,
Which prevails throughout creation, has enforced its high command;
In return for execration that I once had to withstand—
Peace now cometh at thy hand."

Time, the brigand, none controlling, glides by swiftly; loudly tolling
From the steeple near me, rolling, chimes the midnight's solemn peal;
And I still play on unthinking that the south stars are blinking
Of the Past's full fountain drinking, when across my soul's Ideal
Darts a strange and sudden clinking, that is nothing if not real;
And 'tis at the door I feel.

"Is't a message, or a brickbat thrown by some one at a quick cat,
That thus might be said to kick at all the panels on my door."
But the best means this of knowing, were what I took, thither going,
And each wing wide open throwing, till the door would ope no more.
There a "cop" stood, star aglowing, and his eyes surcharged with war.
Only this and nothing more.

"Friend, excuse me!" said the minion, with that air of proud dominion
Which the eagle, tail and pinion, is supposed to paint aright;
"But the neighbors want to know, sir, if you 're ever goin' to go, sir,
And box that thing! If so, sir, they may get some rest to-night."
Let the rose be fair, and grosser will appear the blasting blight!
Oh! this world's accursed spite!

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XL—[CONTINUED.]

"Have I acted so very wrong?" she asked sadly.

"Wrong!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "We will waive that, Hildred. You have done that which I will never pardon. Now tell me why you did it. You may speak the truth to me; you bear my name; I will shield you from all harm. No one knows but myself."

"Then she did not see me?" said Hildred drearily.

"No—and you may be thankful for it," answered the Earl severely. "She did not see you. You may speak quite frankly—no one knows anything about it except myself. Now tell me."

"What have I to tell you?" she said. "I—I did it; I followed you here because—oh, how hard it is to tell!—because I was jealous of her. I thought that you were both ridiculing me, that you would tell her that you had been obliged to marry me to save yourself from ruin, but that you did not love me, you did not care for me, you disliked me, you hated me, you longed to be free from me—my accursed money was all you wanted—that you would never like me. And I fancied she would pity you, in that soft caressing voice of hers—pity you for being burdened with a wife you did not love. I believed that you would tell her I was jealous of her, that then both of you would laugh at me."

The passion of her words had deadened all sense of shame. She had forgotten that which her jealousy had prompted her to do, and remembered only her great bitter wrongs. She was no longer a heroine—only a passionate, injured, deeply-loving woman. She rose to the occasion.

The Earl was impressed more than he would have cared to own.

"I could not bear it," she continued passionately. "I should have done worse than this, I am sure, if it could have been done. I was mad. I will tell you all. I was mad, because I had learned to love you with all the strength of my heart and soul. I could not bear that you should jest about me with careless words; it was as though you stabbed me for pleasure."

"You loved me!" he interrogated incredulously.

The dark shawl fell from her, and she stood erect before him in all the dignity of her pale passionate beauty. Her amber dress and her rubies gleamed in the starlight; the queenly head was held aloft; she no longer pleaded and wept; the memory of her passionate love and her bitter wrongs filled her with angry pride.

"Yes, I love you," she continued proudly. "Whose is the sin? Is it mine, because I your wife, have to tell you this, and you feel surprised? I love you; and now that I have to leave you I tell you that woman never loved man, wife never loved husband, more dearly, more deeply, more devotedly than I love you; every beat of my heart, every thought of my mind, every action was for you. I love you as Elaine loved the knight of old when she said:

"'I have gone mad—I love you—let me die!'"

She drew nearer to him.

"I love you as no one else ever will—as no woman has ever loved you—partly because I could not help loving you, and partly because I have helped to awake the better nature within you. You may live many years, happy, flattered, but no love like mine will ever reach you; the wife you are sending from you is the dearest and truest friend you have."

He looked terribly distressed.

"Why did you not tell me this before, Hildred?" he asked.

"I tell you? How little you know of me! Was it my place to go to the husband who neglected me and plead for his caresses, for his love? I would have died a thousand deaths first. How little you know me! I should not tell you all this now, but that I know in this world we shall never perhaps meet again. I am speaking to you across a grave. I stretch out my hands to you over a grave—the grave where my love lies—slain!"

And as she said the words she fell upon her knees, weeping, sobbing with bitter cries, as though a grave lay there, and she had fallen upon it.

He was touched. He could not tolerate what he believed to be her crime, but she was young, beautiful, and loving. Her crime had been committed through love of him. He raised her from the ground.

"I am very sorry, Hildred," he said; "it is a very sad affair for both of us. Now we must talk of something else. You must go at once."

She raised her weeping eyes to him.

"Must you send me away?" she asked gently. "It was wrong. I was mad with jealous anger, but I did not think I was. Could you not overlook it?"

"You speak lightly," he replied sternly. "No, you can never re-enter my house. I have arranged it all. I did so when I took poor Lady Hamilton back to the Castle. I told our guests that you had been suddenly sent for by your father, that I had driven you to the station—and, as it is, to your father's house you must go."

"Very well," she said dreamily.

"You do not seem to understand," he remarked sharply; "do you not know the danger, the peril that now hangs over you?"

She did not, but of what use was it to say so?

"Try to collect yourself and understand," he continued; "time presses. I cannot keep them away much longer. You must depart at once without being seen. No one must know at what hour you went. You must go to your father's house and wait there. If it should be needful to send you abroad, I will arrange it."

"Have I done so very wrong?" she murmured.

The Earl cried out passionately:

"Heaven give me patience! You must be mad to ask me such a question. One would think you did not know what wrong meant."

Hildred stood quite still, and looked almost helplessly at him.

"You do not seem to realize or know what you have done," he said hastily.

"I do—I do," she moaned; "and there will be no pardon. I wish that I might fling myself into that lake. I would, but that there is a life to come."

"Hildred," said the Earl sternly, "listen to me. I have told you that you must never re-enter my doors; but you bear my name, and for my name's sake I will shield you. The Countess of Caraven may have done wrong, but the world must not know it. I must save you from the consequences of your mad folly. See—I went quietly to your room and brought you these." He gave her a cloak and a bonnet with a thick veil. "I found them in your wardrobe. Have you got any money?"

"No," she replied vacantly, "none."

He took out his purse, and handed it to her.

"I would accompany you," he said, "but that it would draw down suspicion on you. I must be here to ward it off. Wrap yourself in this cloak. Hide all that amber satin."

With cold, trembling hands she obeyed him. Suddenly she remembered the rubies. She unclasped the necklace and bracelets.

"Take these," she said; and the Earl took them—it was better, he thought, to humor her.

"Now you quite understand, Hildred? You must not go near Court Raven—you are known there. You must walk to Worseley; that is a larger station; no one will know you. Take a ticket for London. When you reach there, hail a cab and go straight to your father's house. Are you quite sure that you understand?"

"Yes; what must I say to my father?" she asked.

"You had better tell him the truth. He is a quick, keen man of the world; he will know far better than I do what should be done. Tell him all."

"Yes," she replied mechanically.

"Now hasten away from here, Hildred," he said. "I am in mortal fear. You understand all. You know the road to Worseley—it is direct—take the high road without turning. Good-bye."

She raised her dark, sad eyes to his face; all the love, the passion, the regret that she could not put into words, was revealed in them.

"Good-bye," she repeated.

He did not hold out his hand to her. Had he been speaking to the merest stranger, his voice could not have been colder or more stern. Then he turned quickly away, and Lady Caraven walked across the coppice, and through a lane into the high-road. She walked quite mechanically. She had to go to Worseley, to take a ticket for London, and then go to her father's house.

She repeated the words over and over again to herself, like a child who dreads forgetting a lesson. Her face was deadly pale, her limbs trembled with cold. The golden stars shone down upon her; the night-winds whispered round her. She walked on, unconscious of it all.

It was the early dawn of morning when she reached the station—a large railway junction where she was both unknown and unnoticed. The train started for London in half an hour. No one spoke to her, or appeared to see her, as she took her place, and in a few minutes more she was on her way.

It was a hard punishment—terribly hard for such a trifle, she thought, wondering that the Earl could be so stern. She was tired, fatigued, exhausted with passion and emotion. She had neither eaten, drank, nor slept since the evening before. When she reached London, she asked a porter to call a cab for her, and gave the address, "Mr. Ransome, the Hollies, Kew;" and the drive thither seemed to her more than ever like a dream.

CHAPTER XLI.

Arley Ransome had not worked quite so hard of late; there was but little need. He had achieved the height of his ambition; he had a large fortune; he was able to speak of his daughter, the Countess of Caraven; he could claim kinsmanship through his daughter with some of the noblest families in England. There was no need now to work quite so hard; he could linger over his daintily-spread breakfast-table, and read his papers at his leisure, content if he reached the city before noon.

On this morning he had seated himself so as to enjoy three things at once—the beautiful view of the river from his window, the bright fire in the grate, and the *recherché* little breakfast that had been served up to him. It was a sudden shock to him when, on hearing a sound, he raised his eyes to the door, and saw there a pale, beautiful woman who stood wringing her hands.

"Father," she said, "I am come home."

In utter amazement he started from his seat. His daughter, his beautiful Hildred, the Countess of Caraven, pale as death, wrapped in a dark traveling-cloak. What could it mean?

"I—I am very glad to see you, my dear," he said; but he had a horrible foreboding that something terrible had occurred; and that the days of his greatness had vanished. "Come in—pray come in, my dear—do not stand there. How strange you look! Where is Caraven? Dear, dear, how cold it is. Come in Hildred—the servants will think it strange to see you standing there."

She entered the room, and walked up to him with haughty mein.

"This is the end of my marriage, father," she said calmly—"the marriage that you told me could be happy without love. This is the end of it, and I am come home."

"Sit down, my dear, sit down; there is nothing so horrible as a 'scene,' and this looks like one. Take off your cloak and your bonnet. What a strange headdress!"

She unfastened the thick traveling-cloak, and there, in picturesque disarray was the rich evening-dress of amber and black, with a faded crimson flower clinging to it. The lawyer looked on in utter dismay. This disregard for dress and appearances spoke more forcibly than anything else could have done—told more plainly than words that something dreadful had happened.

"Evening toilet, Hildred! Pray, my dear, put on your cloak again. I did not know—I was not prepared—put it on quickly, before any of the servants come in. What is it, Hildred? What is the matter?"

"Not much, father," she replied drearily; "my marriage has not turned out well, and I am come home, you see."

"But that is nonsense—you cannot come home. What is the matter? Tell me;" and the lawyer, with a very resigned expression of face put away his *pate de foie gras*, and folded his hands to listen to his daughter's story.

"You have not quarrelled with the Earl, I hope—that is, you have not left him?"

"He has sent me away," she replied and Arley Ransome's face grew very dark.

"There is not much to tell," she continued wearily. "You misled me—you told me that marriage could be happy without love. I find that love is the soul of it, that without love marriage is like a dead body. I, being the weaker and inferior, was the first to learn to love. I learned to love my husband, but he has never cared anything for me."

"You are too sentimental, Hildred," said Arley Ransome severely.

"I have been doing my best for my husband," she continued, "and we were growing happier. In time I think that he would have loved me; but someone else, a fair woman—one of the kind of women that he admires—Lady Hamilton, came, and——"

"I see," said the lawyer—"the old story, jealousy and quarreling. Surely, Hildred, you have not thrown away the labor of a lifetime by growing jealous and vexing the Earl?"

"I have done worse than that," she said, "far worse. I was jealous of Lady Hamilton. I thought that both she and my husband were deriding me. I followed them when they went out to see the sun set over the lake. I hid myself behind the alder trees to listen if they said anything about me; and then—I cannot tell how it happened—my husband saw me. He was very angry; he said that I was never to enter his doors again, but to return home at once to you."

The lawyer's face cleared.

"You are quite sure that you have told me the whole truth?" he said.

"Yes, quite sure. What should I keep from you? It seems a very hard punishment for what was merely a fault rather of judgment than of anything else. I told the Earl that I loved him, and that jealousy had driven me mad."

"You told him that? Then you may rely upon it, in a few days all will be well. He will forget his anger and come to find you."

"I do not think so," she returned.

"You are quite sure, Hildred, that you have hidden nothing from me?" he interrogated; adding: "It is as you say, very severe punishment for so small a fault."

She looked at him in surprise.

"What can I have to hide, papa? In telling you of my love and my jealousy, I have told you the worst."

"Then all will come right again. In the meantime keep up appearances, go to your own room unobserved, and wait until your luggage arrives. I shall say that you are come for a few days' change. Keep up your spirits; all will come right again, I feel sure."

"I am very tired, papa," she said. "I think I will stay in my room to-day."

"Very well, my dear; do just as you like; you know best, of course. I will say that you do not feel very well. Go to your room by all means. I hope you will soon be better. Now try to cheer up; it will be all right; I will see to this difficulty with you husband for you."

She looked up at him proudly.

"You must not interfere, papa! I shall never return to him now!"

He looked pityingly at the white face.

"You appear very ill, Hildred. Is there nothing that I can do for you?"

"Nothing," she replied coldly. In her heart she felt bitterly angry with her father. She had trusted him; he had misled her. She did not offer to kiss him or to touch his hand, but went quietly out of the room and upstairs, leaving him with some very unpleasant thoughts.

It had not been an agreeable interruption to his breakfast, but he tried to think little of it. It was only a quarrel, after all, and his daughter had done nothing wrong. He should make it all right in a few seconds when he saw the Earl. He wrote to him before he went to the city, telling him that his wife had reached home safely, but was looking very ill.

CHAPTER XLII.

Greatly disturbed in his mind about his wife, and worried excessively by troublesome inquiries as to the accident which had happened to Lady Hamilton, Lord Caraven determined to seek refuge with his kinsman, Sir Raoul Laureston.

"Let me stay with you, Raoul," said the Earl on entering his room; "my guests tease me to death. One hears of nothing but Lady Hamilton and the poachers. I have had to tell that story over and over again, until I am fairly tired of it. Let me find rest here."

Sir Raoul looked at the Earl's haggard face.

"Poor boy," he said; "it is rather hard for you certainly. I promise you that I will mention neither Lady Hamilton nor the poachers."

"Poachers!" repeated the Earl contemptuously. "Surely you——"

He paused; he had been on the brink of betraying the secret that he had sworn never to reveal.

Sir Raoul laughed.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you are just as bad as any one else. You cannot keep away from the topic."

"We will discuss the weather, the last new book, politics, the papers—anything," proposed the Earl; and then he added, "that reminds me—some version of this story is sure, I suppose, to go abroad. The papers will make a sensational affair of it."

"I thought we were to avoid the topic," said Sir Raoul quietly. "Now you have touched upon it again."

"And to make matters worse," said the Earl, with a gesture of weary despair, "here comes the doctor!"

Doctor Randall entered the room unannounced, and in great haste. The Earl sprang from his seat at the sound of his agitated voice, his face growing pale and anxious.

"Surely," he said, "Lady Hamilton is not worse?"

"No, she seems better. It is not about Lady Hamilton, Lord Caraven. I was sent for the moment I left here in behalf of the man who used to act as your steward—John Blantyre."

"John Blantyre," said the Earl vaguely. "Is he ill?"

The subject did not interest him very much—indeed he thought it trivial amidst the excitement of his own affairs.

"No, not ill in the common acceptation of the term," answered the doctor. "He is dying, I fear."

"Dying, yet not ill! You speak in riddles, doctor."

"It is all a riddle to me," said the physician; "perhaps you can solve it. He has committed suicide—that is, he has made an attempt on his life, but he has not quite succeeded."

"He was very foolish," remarked the Earl.

Even the fact that his confidential steward had attempted to destroy his own life seemed to him a matter of less moment than the fact that his wife loved him.

Doctor Randall looked uneasily at the unconscious face.

"May I speak on a private matter?" he said.

"Certainly," was the quick reply. "I have no secrets from my relative Sir Raoul."

"I cannot quite understand it," continued the doctor. "They sent for me, and when I reached the house I found that Blantyre had attempted to take his life. I will not tell you how—there is no need to add to a list of horrors. I found him dying; he is dying now. His only cry was for you, Lord Caraven; he wanted to see you."

"I do not in the least desire to see him," said the Earl quickly. "Frankly speaking, doctor, repentant sinners and deathbeds are not much in my line. I could do him no good."

"Perhaps—yet he gave me no rest until I had promised to ask you to go and visit him—no rest at all. The strange part of the story has to come, Lord Caraven. It was not a poacher who fired the shot—it was himself. We have this time done the poachers an injustice."

The doctor was not prepared for the effect of his words. The Earl sprang from his chair, rushed across the room, and seized him by the arm.

"Say that again!" he cried. "John Blantyre fired that shot!"

"So he says," replied the doctor. "He gasped the story out to me in broken words. 'I always hated her,' he said, 'hated her; and last night I shot her by the edge of the lake. I shot her through the heart, and saw her fall, and——'"

"It is impossible," cried the Earl. "The man must have been delirious! He never saw Lady Hamilton in his life—how could he hate her?"

"That is the strangest part of the story," said the doctor. "He persists in saying that he shot Lady Caraven. I cannot understand the matter."

"I do," put in Sir Raoul calmly. "Blantyre was dismissed at Lady Caraven's desire, and he swore to be revenged upon her. This is his revenge—he has shot Lady Hamilton, believing her to be the Countess."

"It is impossible!" repeated the Earl. "They are so different; Lady Hamilton is fair, the Countess dark—he could not mistake them."

Suddenly he remembered that it was in the semi-darkness of night that the occurrence had happened, and Lady Hamilton was wrapped in a silvery veil. Could he have mistaken them? The doctor shook his head.

"I do not understand—it is, as I have said, a riddle to me. I should certainly advise you, Lord Caraven, to see the man; that is the only way to clear up the mystery."

"There is no mystery," said Sir Raoul. "It is as I say, the man intended to murder Lady Caraven—by mistake he has shot Lady Hamilton. How he mistook them is perhaps a mystery, and that you can solve by going to see him. Go Ulric."

"Yes," responded Lord Caraven, "I will go—I will go with you, doctor, if you are ready. Raoul, it would be as well not to mention this."

"You may rely upon me," said his friend.

The doctor and the Earl quitted the room together. The carriage was then ordered, and they drove at once to Court Raven.

They were not long in finding Blantyre's house, and before long the Earl stood by the death-bed of his late steward. The man's dying face was turned towards him, his dying eyes gleamed as they recognized him.

"My lord," he said, "you were always kind to me. Her ladyship ruined me—she turned me away—and I hated her. I would not harm one hair of your head; but I have killed her; and I am not sorry, I am not glad."

"Whom have you killed?" asked the Earl calmly.

The dying eyes glared.

"Whom? The Countess of Caraven, the beautiful, proud, imperious woman who, with one wave of her hand, sent me to ruin—I have killed her."

"How did you kill her?" inquired the Earl.

A wild laugh came from the dying man's lips.

"How? I have watched and waited many a long day; I have stood in the high-road when she passed by, but never until the other night did I get one chance. I could have shot her dead a hundred times, but I would not, lest in taking her life, I took also the life of one who had never harmed me. I hated her because she ruined me so. She drove me from my place, she left me branded as a thief amongst my fellow-men, she left me without character, without reputation; she was my ban and my curse, so I shot her. But I am not all bad, and I was sorry when I saw her fall dead. I came home, but she followed me; she has stood near me ever since—a woman with dead eyes, awful to look upon—awful to see."

"Then," said the Earl, "how did you know it was my wife?"

An expression of cunning came over the dying face.

"I knew her by the scarf—her silver scarf—she wore it over her arms the first time I saw her."

"You have tried to take a terrible revenge," said Lord Caraven.

"It has been worse for me," rejoined the dying man—"a thousand times worse for me. I went five times after five different situations, and on each occasion it was flung scornfully in my face that I had been dismissed from Ravensmere. When I found that I was ruined, I swore that I would kill her ladyship, and I have done it."

"Thank heaven that you have not!" said the Earl hastily. "I am thankful to say that your murderous shot never reached my wife. The lady you have injured is a stranger to you—Lady Hamilton; she had thrown Lady Caraven's scarf over her shoulders—hence the (for me) fortunate mistake."

The look on the dying man's face was terrible to see—the fiendish disappointment, the bitter hatred.

"Then I have not killed her after all?" he cried.

"No; you have wounded an innocent lady, a stranger to you—that is all; my dear wife you have not injured."

"And I sent for you, believing that she was dead, dreading lest an innocent man should suffer for my deed, longing also that you should know I had taken my revenge."

"I can only thank heaven you have failed," said the Earl.

John Blantyre raised himself; the hatred, the bad passions in the dying face were terrible to see.

"Tell her!" he cried, "I am sorry I did not kill her; tell her that she ruined me and that I hate her for it; tell her that I sent her my curse, and that after I had cursed her I never opened my lips again."

He fell back exhausted, and he kept his word. Never again were his lips opened in mortal speech. The Earl tried, Sir Raoul left his sick-room to try to soften and persuade him, gentle, low-voiced women knelt by his side, a grave minister pleaded with him—it was all in vain; after one terrible curse, his lips were mute and dumb, whether so stricken by heaven, or whether the result of his anger and disappointment no one ever knew; he died in obstinate, sullen silence.

When that last scene was over, the Earl, who had remained with him to the end, returned to Ravensmere. John Blantyre's crime and suicide had saddened him inexpressibly. He was not without plenty of sense and reflection. He saw at once that this was the result of his own folly—his inattention to his duties. He had implicitly and blindly trusted this man, simply because he was too idle to overlook him and his accounts. What was the result? he had grown reckless with long impunity, and, when his quick, intelligent wife discovered the amount of his peculations, she had dismissed him at once. For what had happened there was only himself to blame.

"How I wish that I could live my life over again," he thought—"I would act differently; but, as that is impossible, I must make what I can of the time that remains."

He was more saddened and unhappy than he ever remembered to have been in his life before. He sought Sir Raoul's room.

"I am quite out of spirits to-day," he said—"let me talk to you, Raoul. This dreadful death of Blantyre has been a shock to me that I shall never get over. I feel as though I am to blame for it, all through my negligence and want of looking after people."

"You have been to blame," agreed Sir Raoul; "I do not deny that. But your indulgence ought not to have made him a thief."

The Earl then sat down; he laid his head back with a tired, wearied expression.

"How my life has changed, Raoul!" he said. "I seem suddenly to have grown into a man, wiser, sadder than I had ever thought to be. One thing above all others puzzles me—how could I ever have been so blind, or so foolish, as to misjudge her."

"Misjudge whom?" asked Sir Raoul.

"Hildred. Oh, I forgot I did not tell you that! You believed, of course, that she had been sent for?"

"Certainly I did," replied Sir Raoul, in amazement. "Was it not so?"

"No—that is the worst part of my trouble. There is no truth in it. I sent her away myself."

"You sent Hildred away?" echoed Sir Raoul slowly. "What do you mean, Ulric?"

"I told her that she must never enter my doors again. Now I find that it is all a mistake."

Sir Raoul tried to be patient, but it was very difficult.

"I do not in the least understand what you mean, Ulric. Why did you send Hildred away, and what was the mistake?"

"I shrink from telling you. Upon my honor, I am ashamed of myself. Do you know, Raoul, I positively believed Hildred had done this deed—I believed she had shot Lady Hamilton."

An expression of deepest contempt came over Sir Raoul's face.

"I should never have imagined such a thought would enter you brain," he said indignantly. "I speak plainly to you, Ulric, as I have never done before—your wife is wasted on you—she is a thousand times too good for you. She is one of the noblest, truest, purest women under the sun. You—if you could so misjudge her—are to be pitied. Hildred capable of murder? Heaven give me patience! I could not have believed you would entertain such an idea. I could not have imagined that you were so utterly devoid of reason."

"Listen, Raoul; do not judge me quite so harshly. You do not know all. Let me tell you my story;" and without further discussion the Earl related the whole history.

Sir Raoul listened in silence.

"Great heaven!" he cried at last, "to think what a heart you have thrown away."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE BULL FIGHTS IN SPAIN—THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE IN PARIS—TOMBS OF THE ROTHSCHILDS, RACHEL, ETC.—SOUVENIRS OF POPE PIUS IX.

PARIS, March 8, 1878.

BULL FIGHTS.

The bull fights in Madrid have been more magnificent and exciting than heretofore, on the occasion of the fetes for the royal marriage. The costumes of the *chulos*, *picadors*, *torreros* and *banderilleros* were made for the occasion, which feature added still more brilliancy to the already intensely brilliant scene. The *chulos'* mission is to distract the attention of the infuriated bull from a fallen horse of the *picadors*, by fluttering a red, green, yellow or blue scarf before his eyes. The *picador*, as a rule, is the man most exposed in the *corrida*, as he awaits on horseback, lance in hand, the attack of the bull. This lance is not intended to wound the animal dangerously, or kill him, but merely to aggravate him. The *torrero* is king of the scene; to him belongs the arena; he is the general who directs the battle; he is the chief whose every movement all passively obey. He directs them at will, by the aid of his *chulos*, and when the moment for the last duel (so to speak) between him and his adversary is to take place, the bull dies in that part of the arena nearest the place occupied by the *torrero's* wife or *fiancee*. The bulls chosen for the fight are brought from the loneliest and wildest pastures. They are driven into Madrid and into the *Toril* (a place prepared for them) in the night. Each animal has his own particular stable, and to irritate him no food is given him for twelve hours before the fight. Then, on driving them into the arena, in order to infuriate them still more, a cockade of ribbon is driven into the left shoulder by means of a sharp iron hook. This tuft of ribbon is the ambition of the *chulos* and *picadors*, as it is considered an enviable present to the "*dame de leur pensees*." This cruel amusement of bull fights is so dear to the Spaniards that for the present it would be impossible to take measures for its abolition. We might, however, suggest an amelioration. In the present state of affairs it is obvious that in the end the bull must die. He may be brave; he may be clever—his efforts are useless and his death certain. In all equity it seems but just that only the bulls which have not shown proper valor should be sacrificed; whereas, on the other hand, it is the *toreador* who should succumb. That would make the scene still more exciting, and more moral.

It is not only at Madrid, but throughout Spain they have had bull fights in honor of the King and Queen of Spain. At Valencia there exists a singular custom. All bulls must be killed by the *toreador* who has trained them. In the arena of the capital of Andalusia there is an old bull who has remained in the stable for the last eight years. In his last fight, Ramon Cejardes, the celebrated *toreador*, failed to kill him. Cejardes wishing to appear again in honor of the national rejoicings, the old *spada* and the old bull met in the arena after this long separation. Cejardes bravely drew his sword, but was immediately thrown to the ground by his old antagonist. The old bull, full of magnanimity, raised him to his feet by his horns, and then gave him very loyally his paw, evidently wishing to render him justice for his courage. The emotion was overwhelming, and the two veterans were covered with flowers.

The other day I visited the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and as I was in the Jewish section I thought of looking for the tomb of the celebrated tragedienne, Rachel. On seeing it, the sad thought arose that there lay all that was left of that remarkable talent. It is the sad destiny of almost all such talents; it has also been that of the great French orator Berryer. Those who have seen Rachel are already growing old, and when they will have gone, nothing will remain of the living interest excited by her. Whereas, for years and years to come the rising generation will ever take a lively interest in all that concerns the Rothschilds. In front of Rachel's tomb is that of the Rothschilds—a simple R in relief on a white slab of a modest little chapel in a little square full of pebbles, as it is a Jewish custom to leave a little stone on visiting the grave of a friend or relative.

Every one knows of the Rothschilds, but perhaps few of their having descended from one Mayer de Rothschild, a banker of Frankfort-on-the-Main. A rich deposit from William I., Elector of Hesse, which he made fructify, was the origin of this great house. In 1810 he was already quite a renowned banker. In 1812 he died. Just before his death he called his five sons to his bedside and requested them to swear to work always together in the same great enterprise. They swore, and the father died tranquilly. They separated—one establishing himself in London, another in Frankfort, another in Paris, a fourth at Vienna, and a fifth at Naples. There were consequently five different banking establishments, but making in all but one great house. It was the Emperor of Austria who ennobled them, making each one a Baron, as though he was the oldest, according to the Austrian custom. In 1859 three of these sons died.

The Rothschilds, as you well know, have never been any other than prosperous in all their money transactions. It is said when God makes a medal, Satan engraves the reverse side of it. The Rothschilds are of those who only make use of the good side of it. The role of Baron James de Rothschild, who now reposes at Pere la Chaise, was so great that his name is as often seen in the history of the present time as though he had been a great statesman.

It was thought that the house of Rothschilds would fall with the throne in 1848, but it stood the storm. Then came the Empire! All at once the prosperous situation of the Baron seemed to be diminishing; but notwithstanding he remained stoical. He was a man of great mind, kind and generous, but above all was gifted with a rare prophetical knowledge, the inspirations of which he never revealed. He died in 1868, leaving his secret to his sons, if he had truly a secret other than that of "union, discretion, and prudence," but leaving a fortune which it was impossible to estimate.

He left three sons and two grandsons, who are to-day the chiefs of the house. The Barons Alphonse, Gustave, Edmond, James and Arthur all live in Paris, occupying each one a palatial hotel. They work every day, and can be seen coming out and going in their hotels at the same fixed hours just like clerks. They are charitable, as are the females of the family, and all possess numberless good qualities and attractions.

The arms of the Rothschilds are five golden arrows. If they have not many strings to their bow, they certainly have many arrows, and have proven themselves expert archers in making their mark in the financial world.

Among the souvenirs left in the late Pope's private library is a beautiful religious painting by the Princess Blanche of Orleans (daughter of the Duke de Nemours), and presented by her to this Pontifical sovereign. This princess has truly an artistic talent, a talent which is hers by inheritance, for in a chapel in the Faubourg St. Germain there is also a painting truly remarkable, presented by the niece of the Princess Marie.

Since I am writing of the Princess Blanche it will not be amiss to add that at one of the churches (which was filled with the highest Parisian society), after the priest had nearly terminated his eloquent sermon for a charity, he added that he hoped the offerings would be as noble and generous as the hand extended to receive them. The *quetteuse* was the Princess Blanche. By *quetteuse* is meant the person who goes around the church with the receptacle for the collection, accompanied by the beadle, which is the custom in all France.

L. N.

Shipwrecked Canaries.

BY JULIA E. TORREY.

"What a stupid house this is!" petulantly exclaimed Ella Howard to herself. "I cannot find the smallest speck of fun anywhere. I've been into every room and corner, and it's all stupid and solemn—looks as if a laugh had never called this way, and never intended to call either!"

These words must have made Ella's mouth taste sour, for her face was all puckered up into so many scowls that a scowl apiece seemed to show itself for each bad-tasting word.

Flinging herself down in a chair, and knocking her heels up and down on the floor, as if she were trying to summon into her presence the naughty little imps that trot around in the land of the dumps, she was beginning to feel their wee arms hug her tight, when a glad laugh in the hall sent them away in a fright, just the way gladness always sends such ugly spirits scampering.

The next instant the door swung wide open, and Ella's eyes opened too, in wide surprise, to see her toddling brother come trudging in, with his arms loaded with small, brown paper parcels, and back of him came her big brother Willie—bigger by two years growth than herself—carrying still more inviting-looking packages.

As they tumbled them down in a heap, Eddie, the little one, lisped out:

"Doodie Uncle Tarlie dot dese tings in a 'tore for us, and we is tought 'bout it, and we is doing to teep 'tore too; isn't we, Willie?"

"Yes," answered Willie, "that's exactly it. Won't it be fun? And you must be our customers, Ella, so don't be looking into our goods just yet, please. Wait till you see them spread on the counter, and then, 'with an eye to business,' as papa says, you may inspect the whole lot."

Clapping her hands, and exclaiming: "It's laughing everywhere now!" Ella ran out of the room, saying:

"I'd peep if I should stay here, so I'll go away till you've had time to fix. Hurry—do."

The boys then looked the room over to see where they should build their store. Deciding in favor of the bay-window, they emptied the centre table of its books and ornaments, and rolled it up in front of the window, for a "counter."

"Now, for our goods!" cried Willie.

"Es, me wants to see 'em 'pilled out!" exclaimed Eddie.

With tongues going, and fingers flying, the strings began to snap, and nuts, candies, cakes and oranges to roll out upon the counter, and down upon the floor.

"Let me see," said Willie looking around thoughtfully on his accommodations, "how shall we fix things?"

"I've got it! You put the candies along the window sills, Eddie, and then you can climb up on a chair and stand the cakes on the sashes, while I make pyramids of the nuts and oranges on the counter."

"Booful idea!" declared the little partner.

When all was arranged to suit them, they stepped forward, eyed approvingly the display of sweets before them, and then Eddie cried out:

"Why don't the tustomers tum?"

"That's what I was thinking," responded Willie, "but we musn't expect to be crowded the first day."

Just then the sitting-room door opened a crack, and Ella's voice came in: "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes," answered Willie, running back to the counter and bustling about in what he called "a business-like way," "come in!"

But instead of a form in keeping with that blithe, young voice, in hobbled a bent-up, little old woman."

The boys shouted; and coming out from behind the counter, danced around her; peered into the big, old-fashioned bonnet, and found back of grandma's cap and spectacles, the brightest little old woman face they had ever seen.

"Hallo, old lady!" cried Willie, "how long did it take you to grow this lump?" thumping his hand down into the pillow lump that crooked her back.

"Oh, my poor back!" cried the little old woman in a high, squeaking voice, "you've doubled it up more than ever, boy," and raising her forefinger, and shaking it close up to his nose, "haven't you due respect for the aged? If you live long enough, you'll get to be as old an old woman as I am."

"Oh!" cried Willie, in pretended alarm, "and will I have to wear an old black skirt and ruffled cap, and coal-scuttle bonnet like that? Won't pantaloons and specs do for me? 'Cause I'm a boy, you know.

"No," corrected he, putting on a very dignified expression, "I'm a man now, for I'm keeping this store."

"What would you like, ma'am?" with a bow, and a rush behind the counter. "Here are some fine English walnuts, that you can crack like fun, with your teeth. Oh!" as she snapped her eyes at him from behind the glasses, "I forgot that your teeth must have dropped out ages ago."

"Well here are some easy suckers—nice sweet oranges, only one cent each."

The little old woman took one, fumbled in her pocket, and brought out an old-fashioned knit purse; and after still more fumbling, dropped a button penny down on the "counter." Then she turned to go, when the young merchant, anxious for another sale, shouts out:

"Don't you want one of these nice ginger snaps? They'll go down easy, 'cause you can soak 'em in your coffee. Only one cent."

Holding one out temptingly toward her, "Smell it! see how good it smells! Oh!" as she drew back in dainty disgust, "are your smellers gone too? Well, here's just the ticket for you, ma'am—gum drops—try one."

"No, you disrespectful boy, and I'll never come to your store again, if I live to be fifty!" cried the indignant, abused little woman, as she hobbled off.

"I'm dreadful afraid we've made our 'oldest customer' so mad she'll never call again," said Willie. "My! wasn't it cute in Ella to rig up like that. What did you think about it, Eddie?"

"Me thinked Ella was sut up in the old 'ady; but se'll det out adain, won't see?"

"Why, young man, she's out now, and you'll soon see her walking in to buy us out."

"Me wants to buy someting now," said Eddie, in wistful tones, tired of waiting longer before tasting the tempting sweets that were all around him.

"So you shall!" exclaimed Willie, "and my mouth is watering for a taste, too. Let's take a candy here and there, so as to make it look as if we had been selling lots."

"There, that does look better," continued he, as their eager fingers made a gap in the candles and cakes. "Folks will hurry in to buy, when they see how fast our stock disappears, won't they? I wonder if the next customer isn't coming at all! There's no knowing what stories that lady may have told about us; she may entirely ruin our business prospects in the neighborhood, and then what will become of us I don't know."

All this time Willie's back had been toward the counter and door, while he talked to Eddie and helped make way with the candies, so that now, when he turned around to be ready for the next customer, he found the customer already there. Such a funny customer, too. A grinning, rolling-eyed little black Topsy, who was in the act of helping herself to an orange, when Willie's eye caught her.

With a "whew!" of surprise at this dark apparition, Willie then burst out in an indignant little speech:

"Look here, Miss Blackey, when honesty is only 'one cent each,' I should think it would be even in the reach of such a skinny little black hand as yours. This is a One Cent Store, which has been established in order to induce mankind and darkey-kind to produce the 'honest penny' and be rewarded for it, by receiving in return any one of these nice one-centers that they want."

"Dat am a speechification," grinned the blackey, "but look yer, I'se didn't tote 'round ' ere for dat; and if yer calls dat a mouf piece worf one cent, dis chile's not a-goin' to swallow it."

"I want you to swallow it, and so I'll not charge you for it, if you're in for a buy, and not a steal!" exclaimed the store keeper.

"It's down, massa," with a gulp, "and 'taint good; so, yere's a penny," producing a pumpkin seed, "for one of dem dar sticks of candy. Guv it to me, quick!"

Patting out her hand, she gained possession of it, and was soon rolling it around in her mouth, uttering the darkey exclamation of delight, "kv, ky!"

Then, with a greedy look at the oranges: "Yere's another penny for one of dem dar yaller things."

"Two, did you say?" asked Willie, with an inward wink to himself, thinking to make a big trade.

"Yas, sah," with a grin, "two if yer likes."

Unsuspecting Willie handed them over the counter, and was greeted with:

"Dar's yer pumpkin-seed penny for yer. I boughted one, and," starting out on a regular gallop, "dank yer, sah, for the tother yer guved me!"

"Thief! thief! stop thief!" cried out Willie, with well-feigned concern, while Eddie's little voice piped out, like an echo: "Tief! tief! top tief!"

But the "thief" didn't stop until she had reached grandma's room, where such wonderful changes had taken place in this little girl, that it seemed as if magic had been at work to produce them. But all the magic lay in grandma's fond fingers, as she turned her pet from a light-footed little maiden, into a bobbling old woman.

Afterward, when Ella had asked grandma to black her up, grandma had shaken her head, and said:

"I couldn't spoil your pretty face like that, my dear, even though I know 'twould be only for a short time."

"Oh, grandma, it won't hurt a bit! and it will all wash off. Sister Hattie's had it on her hands lots of times."

So saying, she danced off, and soon returned with the saucer of India ink which her sister had been preparing for spatter work.

"I'm not afraid!" said Ella, as with energetic dabs in the ink, she soon had it spread, in dark streaks, over her face and hands; while grandma, with an amused twinkle shining out of her kind eyes, stood and watched this "transformation scene" until she began to realize that she was grandma to a little black girl.

Ella had "grinned" at grandma, as she left the room, and now she came grinning back to her again, almost wild with her success in playing darkey.

Giving grandma the stolen orange, she said:

"You see, dear grandma, I love you well enough to steal for you. Oh, but it was fun to see the astonishment all over Eddie's face, and Willie's, too. If I had not kept pinching myself, I should have shown them how near to the top of my funny black skin I was; but I did pinch hard, and kept saying to myself: 'Now I look just like Evelina, and I must roll my eyes around just the way she does, and do everything queer like her,' and I guess I did, too!"

By this time, notwithstanding the frequent interruptions in the process of her toilet, by the merry laughter of herself and grandma, (who had joined so heartily in the fun that she had almost laughed the wrinkles all out of her dear old face), Ella now stood ready to slip into another masquerade.

Holding up Willie's Sunday suit, grandma said:

"Now, let's see what a fine young gentleman we can make!"

And in a moment more Ella had leaped right into boydom.

Taking a peep at herself in the mirror, and bowing to the bright-looking image reflected there, Ella, with a smile of pleasure, remarked:

"Well, sir, if there ever was a 'self-made' boy, I believe you are one."

Then lifting "his" cap gallantly to grandma, this dashing young gent betook himself to the store, which was waiting impatiently for a new customer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORICAL WITTICISMS.

Amid her darker and sterner chronicles, History has preserved not a few jests likewise—more, perhaps, for the sake of those who uttered them than of the utterances themselves; but it is noteworthy how many of these mere verbal jingles have actually taken a permanent place in the world's annals, not unfrequently to the exclusion of the very term that produced them. The now forgotten Ougours of Siberia (whose countenance Marcellinus, in his blunt, soldierly way, defined as "not a face, but a bun") live again in the *Ogres* whose child-devouring exploits are the terror of every nursery. The "Non Angli sed Angeli" (Not Angles but Angels,) of St. Augustine is imperishable as the Anglo-Saxon race itself. The great Athenian teacher's true name of Aristocles has lost itself altogether in his punning cognomen of Plato (the Broad). St. Leo, watching the goblin rout of Attila's Hun sweeping over the plains of Lombardy, prayed, in a form of wit hardly worthy a Bishop of the Empire, that, "these *Tartarean* demons might be sent back to their native Tartarus;" and thus the word *Tartar* sprang into being, to be a symbol for evermore of cruelty and terror. Early in the second half of the fifth century, a young Gothic warrior entered the cell of a Christian monk to beg his blessing, announcing himself as the Herculian chief Haud-y-Wacker (Hold-ye-Stout). The recluse laid his hand on the bowed head of the towering figure before him, and said—

"*Stout* shalt thou be to win, and firm shalt thou *hold* what thou winnest."

The listening Goths laughed grimly at the uncouth jest; but they had reason to recall it fourteen years later, when, amid the ruins of imperial Rome, Haud-y-Wacker took his place in history as *Odoacer*.

The Middle Ages, however, were undoubtedly *the* era of punning *par excellence*. Grave divines, learned schoolmen, stately prelates, kings and princes—nay, the august wearer of the Triple Crown himself—indulged, without stint, in the form of wit stigmatised by Dr. Johnson as the lowest of the low. Even Heraldry, in its own opinion the most exalted science on earth, tortured three languages to swell the number of the verbal juggles in which it delighted—writing on the Vernon crest "*Vernon* semper viret;" "Vernon is ever strong" or in the pun "Spring is not always," and on that of the Custs, Qui *Custodit*, metuat," literally "Let him who watches fear," but as a pun "Whoso hates Cust let him fear." Indeed, in an age when books existed only as scarce rolls of dusty parchment, transcribed by the life-long toil of some laborious monk, a caustic jest of this kind, levelled at some familiar abuse or some tyrant in high places, flew from mouth to mouth like a watchword, stirring the souls of men in a way which our colder century can but faintly appreciate. More than one Pope directed all his spiritual thunders against the unknown authors of the biting epigrams placed in the outstretched hands of the statue of Pasquin at Rome—a circumstance which has given to this form of satire its modern name of "Pasquinade." The University Statutes of England teem with ordinances against "the drawing of caricatures or writing of scurril verses against the collegiate officers, to the bringing into contempt of their lawful authority." The caustic hits of those mediæval Saturday Reviewers, the court fools, more than once changed the purpose of their despotic masters. Sir Walter Scott, and other writers of equal renown, have borne ample testimony to the effect of the old anti-Romish ballads in paving the way for the Reformation. Scandinavian chroniclers tell us that a Norwegian king, who had maltreated some Iceland traders, was informed by their indignant countryman that they intended making as many lampoons upon him as there were promontories in his dominions—a threat which one glance at the jagged coast-line of Norway will show to be a very terrible one indeed!

Even in an age of such universal pleasantry, however, it is somewhat strange to find the saturnine Charles V. uttering such a flagrant pun as that of "I could put Paris in my glove" (*gant*), with which he answered the vaunts of Francis I.—a rude play upon the name of Gand or Ghent, then the largest town in the Netherlands. A much neater, as well as more practical rebuke, was given to the factious Duke of Orleans, in the preceding century, by his rival Jean "Sans Peur" of Burgundy, who, seeing on the Orleans banner the figure of a knotty club, significantly adorned his own with *a carpenter's plane*.

Amid the countless affectations of the sixteenth century stood pre-eminent the fashion of jesting by anagram—i.e., by inverting or transposing the letters of a proper name. Every schoolboy (as Lord Macaulay would have said) is familiar with Henri of Navarre's appropriate anagram upon the beautiful Marie Touchet, "Je charme tout." (I charm all) The Huguenots extracted "Vilain Herodes" from the name of their sworn enemy, Henri de Valois (Henry III. of France); and the Romish ecclesiastics, smarting under the sarcasms of Erasmus, satirised his humble origin with the taunt of "Eras mus" (Thou wert a mouse).

The courtly and artificial witticisms which the Louis Quatorze era prescribed to all Europe as an unutterable fashion are too well known to need repetition; but a few manly spirits were found to resist the intellectual as well as the physical tyranny of the Grand Monarque. Few rebukes have ever been better merited than that which William III.'s envoy administered to a French courtier who showed him the gallery of battle-pieces in the Louvre, boastfully asking whether the English king could display the like.

"*My* master's deeds, sir," said the ambassador, "are seen everywhere, *except* on his own palace-walls."

The quiet intensity of this rebuke can be paralleled only by the famous repartee of Prince Esterhazy in our own time, when, hearing a Spanish grandee boasting the he had "fifty thousand sheep," the great Hungarian remarked quietly—

"Curious coincidence—that's just the number of my shepherds."

The historical pleasantry of the eighteenth century, like every other form of contemporary wit, followed the bias given to them by the formidable renown of a single name. Voltaire, though in reality the topmost bough rather than the root of that fatal "Encyclopædist" tree which was one day to overshadow all Europe, reigned as absolutely in life as after death, and extended through every land the use of those verbal stilettoes wherewith the wits of the day poignarded friend and foe alike. All the best sayings of D'Alembert, Diderot, Pope, Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole, and Frederick the Great bear the unmistakable stamp of the great master of mischief; Frederick's close intimacy with Voltaire himself rendering the likeness doubly conspicious in his case. On one occasion, however, the "soldier-king" was fully matched at his own weapons. After his conquest of Saxony, in 1756, the indignant nation altered the inscription on the newly-introduced Prussian coinage—*Ein Reichsthaler*—into *Ein Reich stahl er* (He stole a kingdom), a gibe keenly resented and terribly avenged.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the word "thaler," or dollar, is in itself a kind of historical pun. The silver yielded by the valley of Joachims-thal was formerly so much esteemed that the country-folk, in taking payment for their wares, were wont to say, "Give me a Joachim's Dale one" (Joachims-thaler), and this, shortened to "thaler," gave rise to a world-wide name.

The sanguinary pleasantries of the French Revolution have been immortalised by its greatest historian, Mr. Carlyle; but the most perfect sarcasm of that terrible period is now almost forgotten. The old Marquis de Cazotte, almost the only remaining representative of the destroyed *noblesse*, seeing "Brotherhood or death!" chalked on a wall, remarked that it should be translated, "Be my brother, or I kill you."

Of Napoleon I. (certainly the most unlikely source from which to expect a pun) one such utterance is recorded—perpetrated, too, in the very height of one of his most splendid campaigns—that of 1796–97—which ended in the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy and the treaty of Campo Formio. Hearing an Italian lady observe that he seemed very young to have achieved such wonderful successes, he answered sharply—

"Demain j'aurai Milan" (mille ans). "To-morrow I shall have Milan," or to-morrow I shall be one thousand years old.

As for the countless historical jests of the present century, our remaining space will only permit us to indicate one or two of the best. The headlong frenzy of ambition has seldom been more keenly rebuked than in Talleyrand's criticism on the career of Napoleon:—

"His watch was fast, while the rest of mankind had the right time."

Not less happy was the jest of a veteran Parisian wit on Louis Napoleon's gift of a hotel a-piece to two of his marshals:—

"Ah, oui! ils defendront le trone et l'hotel"—an admirable travesty of the oath of allegiance, "to defend the throne and the altar" (*l'autel*).

During the late war, vests lined with sheet iron for the use of soldiers in the field, were quite popular. Owing to several little unpleasantnesses with a boot, brought about by his girl's father objecting to his presence, a Manayunk youth is having a pair of breeches constructed on the same principle of self preservation.

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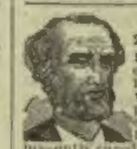

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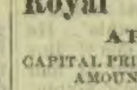

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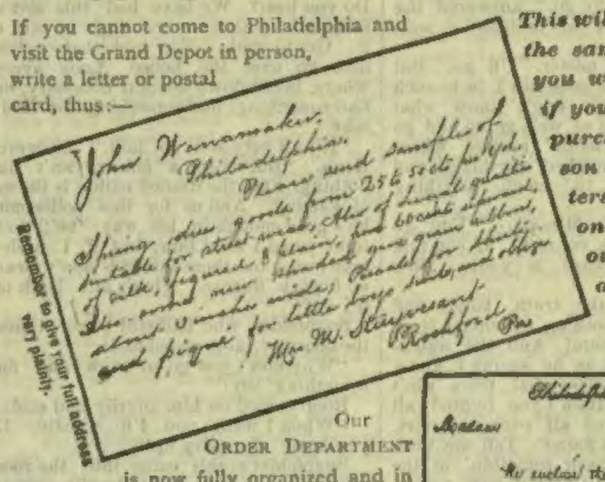

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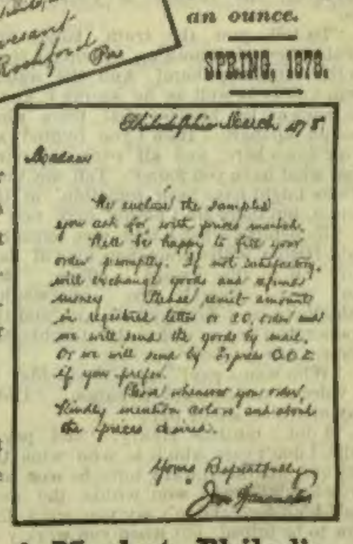
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HOW LONG?

BY L. C. M.

If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June or desolate December,
How long, Sweetheart, how long would you remember,
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking—
How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses;
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses—
How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay, in June, you may be to regret me,
And living lips may woo you to forget me,
But, ah! Sweetheart, I think you will remember
When winds are weary in your life's December—
So long, dear love, so long!

A LOVE SONG.

If I were a violet, a sweet white violet,
Growing in the sun and in the dew,
Struggling through the cold spring-time,
Hard beset by cruel rime,
I should surely blow for you.

If I were a rose, Love, a great red-hearted rose, Love,
Blushing on my stem, as roses do,
After tedious, sad delays,
In the first warm summer days,
I would sweeten life for you.

If I were a daisy, a golden-hearted daisy,
Shining in the field a season through,
With my petals you should spell
That I love you, love you well,
With my whole heart, only you!

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

XII.

"Well, and are we at the end of our troubles? Tell me that?" demanded Miranda of the policeman.

"I don't know, mum, but I know he's got somethin' on a string."

"What do you mean?"

"Spotted somethin', mum."

"Spotted!—Has he caught anything?"

"Not as I know on, but he's crouchin' low for it. He's on the lay."

"Oh!" exclaimed Henry, "he means that Roop is evidently busily engaged at his old business—the wearisome business of watching for something that everlastingly turns out to be nothing at all. Isn't that it Snapfelder?"

"Yes, sir! You see when I goes upstairs I sees a light, and I sees the watchman standing by the door, and he puts up his hand and he says say he, 'Sh! I'm on the lay!—I'll have it in a minute.' That was in the fourth story back room, and he points at the open door what goes into the bath-room. And I thinks I see something there too, but I ain't certain. So Roop he stands quiet as quiet can be, and doesn't say not a single word, and he stands there as if he'd been standin' there all his life, and he looks and looks and keeps a lookin' at the door there, when I touches him on the arm and says, say I, 'What's up?' and he turns around as mad as mad can be, and he says, say he, 'You dashed fool, can't you keep quiet, say? Haint I got my eye on it! D'ye want to spile my little game! Git down stairs!' he says, chokin' with rage, 'git downstairs and let me alone, will you? I don't want no assistance. I'll catch it myself, I will.' So I says, say I, 'Don't bile over. I'll let you alone, pard. But the next time you whistle, blast me if I answer.'"

"Well, well," interrupted Miranda excitedly, "what is the upshot of this? Has anything been found?"

"No, mum."

The policeman for the first time now caught sight of the servant Kate, and he started back and appeared more frightened than one would have imagined such a stalwart fellow could appear.

He ejaculated:

"It's a woman! How did she come there?"

"Never mind," answered Henry. "Suffice it for you to help the watchman. I insist upon it. Do your duty. You are a brave man, and I know that you will do what you can to help us. So go upstairs again and see if the watchman really needs you."

"But he don't," persisted the now bewildered Snapfelder, who could not keep his eyes from the servant.

"But I wish you to go," said Henry, in a tone of authority.

"So be it, mister; I'm ready. I'll go up and be sent down again by that fool of a watchman. He don't know nothin'. He don't understand his biz. He don't! But I'll go. I believe he's pretendin' to find somethin', when after all there's nothin' at all. He's a fool."

"Now," exclaimed Henry, "you are a good man and a first-class officer, Snapfelder, and it behooves you to try and assist these unfortunate women to the best of your ability. So do what they desire at once and go up again, and let us, for God's sake, have an end to this."

"I'm not afraid to go," answered the policeman, in a tone of indignation softened by respect.

"I'm no coward, mister. I'll go. But here's the fix, what good can I be to such a fellow as Roop, who don't know what he's after. I might as well go up and go to bed as to stand foolin' around where he is. He hasn't catched anything, and he ain't a-goin' to ketch anything either——"

"Well," replied Miranda. "You go and win the laurels yourself. If you find anything, the reward is yours. Now go!"

"To tell you the truth, ladies and gents, there ain't nothing, so help me God, nothin' at all up there! And the watchman knows as well as he knows I know as much as he knows, that there ain't nothin' up there. Hain't you hunted all over down here, and all over upstairs, and what have you found? Tell me that. There might have been somethin' in the house, but there ain't nothin' here now!"

"Remember what I told you, officer," said Henry, with an unctious tone of flattery in the word officer, that no one should go unrewarded who helps us. Now you obey us, and the sooner you put an end to this trouble, the sooner you get your pay."

"Who wants pay!" cried Snapfelder in a voice of undisguised irritation. "Did I say anything about pay?"

"I did," retorted Henry, "and pay I will, I don't care who it is who wins the reward, but the reward must be won, and won to-night, and won within the next half hour too! I don't say you are a fellow to be bribed, but when you work you deserve remuneration, and that remuneration it is my duty to pay you if you fulfill your work."

"I get paid for what I do, mister," answered Snapfelder. "I thank you kindly, and I don't want you to think I'm mean or cowardly or a fool. I'll do my duty too, but I ain't a-goin' to be domineered over by no private watchman, I ain't."

"Well, then," said Miranda, "for the sake of peace let us recall the watchman and send the policeman in his stead."

"So be it," returned Henry. "Anything, anything. How would you like that, officer?"

"How's that?"

"Take the watchman's place and look sharp and see if you can't really find something. I saw a queer animal—boy, rep'tile, ghost, whatever you choose to call it—in the dining room. These ladies saw it, Mr. Schaff, there on the sofa, he saw it; this girl Kate saw it, and Roop saw it; and the first question now is, where is it; and the second, what is it? Answer us the first question first. We will soon solve the second. We must find this thing—be it in the house or out of the house. But find it we must, and quickly too."

"All right, sir!" responded Snapfelder. "I'll find it! I'll go up and put Roop downstairs double quick. Chuck him down if he gives me any mas. He's no good!"

"I'm afraid, my good fellow," said Henry with a laugh, "that he will prove a pretty severe antagonist. I know what he is. I am full of his bruises. He got the better of me not long since, and I know he's pretty strong when he takes a notion to be."

"You don't mean to say he went for you, sir."

"Completely," laughed Henry.

"And you mean to say that you could'nt hiate such a fellow as him. Why Mart Tinkle can whip him with one hand. He did it once. He knocked old Roop one night double-cawollicks over head into the gutter. Ha! ha! ha! 'Cause Roop, ha! ha! wanted to pizen his dog Teeth! Oh! he's the worst fraud I ever seed!"

During this part of this highly interesting conversation Miranda was kneeling at the foot of the lounge upon which lay the servant, and both she and Kate seemed totally oblivious for the moment of the presence of the two men and of their talk.

Then Miranda raised her head and looking at the policeman, said:

"Now, Mr. Snapfelder, please do as we desire."

"I won't wait a second longer," replied the policeman. "I'll upstairs like a shot, and slide old Roop down the banisters like a ten-pin ball. But notice, ladies and gents, that if I can't find that ere ghost, I ain't to blame."

"Not at all," answered Henry.

"Neither are we if we don't give you the reward. Go!"

The policeman made a move towards the doorway, and was in the act of emerging into the dark entry, when he stumbled against somebody who was approaching the door at the same time.

There was enough momentum in the new-comer at the moment of collision to send the policeman staggering back against the door sill.

Snapfelder uttered a growl and was wondering what new turn affairs had taken, when the personage pushing past him entered the parlor.

It was Mr. Roop himself.

"You here!" cried Henry excitedly. "Is there anything new?"

"What is the word now?" ejaculated Miranda.

Roop waved his hand in his customary way and said:

"It's no use at all."

"What is that,—what do you mean?"

"It's no use to hunt. We can't find nothing. Dash me if 'tain't to bad."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Henry, half angrily, "that you have been watching all this time upstairs and can't find anything!"

"I do."

"How comes it that this happens. I thought you were watching for something?"

"So I was. Dash the thing, it got off. I was standin' there lookin' straight at it. I seen it as plain as plain can be in the backroom. I lets fly my club and thinks I've hit it. I goes in and picks up my club and there ain't the dashed shadow of nothing. What's the use! What's the use! The game's up! We're beat!"

"I hope not," replied Miranda. "See here," pointing to Kate, "this poor servant is nearly dead with fright. Something was in her room."

"Yes," added Henry, "and look there on the lounge. There lies a poor fellow whom we have been hunting all the weary night. Just look at him. No coat, no slippers, no collar! A miserable state of affairs, I must say!"

The watchman seemed at this speech to grow like one utterly dazed. He stared first at the lounge where Louis lay, and then at the lounge where Kate lay, and did not utter a syllable for some moments. Then he said:

"Who is that?" pointing with a wave of his hand toward Louis.

"That is one of our friends. He has fallen into bad hands, and yet you say you cannot find anything. It's absurd, it's outrageous! I tell you what, Mr. Roop, you must find something. You must! Do you hear? We have had this sort of folly so long that we are right weary of it. Get to work. You and that policeman go over the house. Look everywhere, break down doors if necessary, but find something; find something, for God's sake."

"It's all very well to talk," answered Roop. "But when a fellow can't find nothing, what the dashed nation is the use of looking. And as for that policeman, he's good enough in his way; he'll do to come when I want him; but if I undertake to spy out these things I don't want no foreign 'fluence. That's all! Dash me if I do!"

Snapfelder, who had still lingered near the doorway, now ejaculated:

"Why don't you go to work and find something, hey?"

Roop turned on him angrily and said:

"When I want you I'll whistle. Do you hear? Now dry up!"

Snapfelder at this came into the room with a defiant look and a hostile appearance, and yet with such an air of bravado as excited both Miranda and Henry to smiling.

The policeman coming close up to Roop, shouted in his face:

"What did you say?"

"I said," replied Roop, shouting in turn in the face of the policeman, "that I know my business and I don't want nobody to interfere. I'm a private watchman, recollect, and dash me if I'm going to be insulted by a beggarly policeman!"

"Yes, you're a fine watchman, I must confess; looking around upstairs all night for nothing. You're a coward!"

"You're a ——" Roop, white with rage, was about to give vent to a curse, and had even raised his arm to strike the policeman, when Henry and Miranda both drew him gently aside, and Henry stepped between the two and arrested the prospects of a battle that would have proven a veritable Acelderna to Roop, little as he expected it.

But at this moment a succession of pistol shots from the street, loud cries, banging of the front door, and ringing of the door bell, mingled with the screams of a woman and the barking of a dog, roused up the party in the parlor to a pitch of utter terror and excitement.

A voice cried:

"Nosey Taylor's shot."

Then another:

"Look there! look there! Look at that window! What is that? What is that?"

Then a succession of cries, a chorus of alarms and horror.

"Look out, it's going to jump on us. Look out!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOETHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

All lovers of fine poems will receive the above as a welcome addition to our standard reading; and those who are students of German literature will find a treasure of information in the notes at the end. The translation itself is rendered faithfully and yet skillfully, so that the most critical of German scholars could have little to find fault with; and the translator seems to have succeeded in preserving the true poetical fragrance of the original.

As a record of the peculiar tastes and sympathies of Goethe, and of the growth of his drama, we consider this work, with its notes, exceptionally fine. While there are many of these explanatory notes, the book is not, as so often happens, burdened with abstruse "explanations" by commentators. All necessary information concerning the Faust-legend, the customs and superstitions of the times, and the opinions of Goethe himself, are given clearly and concisely.

The drama of Faust is divided into two parts, the first ending with the death of Marguerite; and here most translators paused, as they considered the second part, published in Goethe's old age, to be a rather whimsical affair. Indeed, it is much more difficult to comprehend than the first part, being to a great extent allegorical, and is quite calculated to puzzle commentators. This second part has been translated five times into English, but not one of the versions has ever been published in the United States. Bayard Taylor, however, says;

"In as much as this part was included in Goethe's original design, the First Part, although apparently complete as a tragic episode, is in reality but a fragment, wherein the deeper problems upon which the work is based are left unsolved. I consider, therefore, that the second part is necessary."

The Prologue in Heaven, at the beginning of the drama reveals Goethe's plan. Mephistopheles begs the Lord to grant him permission to tempt Faust; and God, according him the permission, adds;

"A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way."

In these two lines lies the plan of the poem. Faust so far yields to temptation that he sells himself to Mephistopheles, and the latter goes with him as his traveling companion through the two worlds, the little world of his individual passions, and the greater world of human interests. But Faust, in his vague yearnings and strivings after the beautiful and true, gradually rises above the power of the Demon and attains heaven.

We wish that Faust were more widely known and read than it is. Doubtless one barrier to the appreciation of this great poem has been, hitherto, its imperfect translation. Now, however, that difficulty no longer exists. We have a splended English translation, one that ranks with Bryant's Homer and Longfellow's Divina Commedia.

Apart from its merit as a literary work, it is well worth the reading, for the sake of its underlying truth and beauty. To be sure, there are some objectionable passages, just as there are in Shakspeare; but for all that, what it aims to teach is good. Mephistopheles in announcing himself to Faust, declares that he is

——"Part of that Power, not understood,
Which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good."

and thus teaches the truth underlying the religious doctrines of every age and country, that out of all badness, goodness may be finally evolved.

To all those who delight in fine dramas, and who wish to increase their knowledge of German literature, we most cordially recommend this translation of the drama of Faust.

IDA C. CRADDOCK.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

During this intermediate season, when one day is wintry and the succeeding one like spring, our outdoor apparel is in a transition state, partaking of the warmth and sombre tints of winter, with an occasional touch of spring. It is too soon to relinquish entirely the former, and yet we eagerly seize every opportunity to assume the latter, and our thoughts turn with increased interest every day to anything suggestive of a spring opening.

I have described so much in detail the character of the new goods, I think I can defer a further discussion of the subject until some new novelties appear, which is the case almost every week; but before taking up the topic of costumes it may not be amiss to speak of some new fabrics which have taken their place among the list of novelties in materials, or rather, in this case an old one reappears and is supposed to possess attractions enough to compete with the rest. Scotch plaids have again put in their claim for popularity, but whether they attain it remains to be seen. When we say Scotch plaid for costumes, of course we allude to those composed of green and blue, with black, and lines of scarlet or yellow running through; but it is quite safe to affirm that as a fashion it is very suitable for young girls, but not for their mammas.

I have seen some very pretty walking costumes made of the large broken plaids of green and blue, brightened with lines of red. The skirt was in length only to the feet, and had one deep kilt pleating all around. The polonaise was draped like a full tablier across the front, and fastened in the side seams, and trimmed on the bottom with a pleating piped each side with red. The corsage was cut with a simulated jacket in front.

Another model was pleated the full length of the skirt, in which case the pleats should be ironed very flat and held in place by two or more rows of tape tacked on the pleats, enctreting the skirt underneath. For stout persons, this pleated skirt is frequently pleated on a yoke which fits smoothly over the hips. This yoke is concealed by a short scarf drapery, which is tied in the back in loops with ends artistically twisted, and fringed on the ends; the bodice is a pleated basque with a yoke, tight sleeves with cuffs.

The cloth dress has become a favorite from its simplicity of cut. The skirt is pleated the whole length in the back; the front and sides are perfectly plain at the top, but near the bottom are draped in folds which fasten at the side with a bow. The corsage has the cuirasse front, but a postillion back, and revers each side of the front give it the "Directoire" appearance. The corsage must fit to perfection and with the nicety of a riding habit. The edge is simply stitched by machine in several rows, and tiny silver or gilt buttons ornament the front, the cuffs and postillion in the back. The bottom of the drapery is simply stitched in rows.

Another fashion has been revived in the use of narrow gathered ruffles, but as the plain outlines of the princesse dress admit of but little trimming in the front, the narrow ruffles appear only in the back on the pleated train. The ruffles are either plaited or edged with lace or narrow fringe, and their number, according to the length of the train, which, if long, can carry on its fan-shaped surface as many as twenty-one feathery flounces.

As a very decided departure from the fashions which govern sleeves, there is a whispered rumor that the "gigot" or "leg of mutton" sleeve is again to make its appearance. But I think there will be so many expressions of disapprobation for such a revival, it will not have a chance to revive with sufficient success to survive very long.

The sleeves on all the new street costumes are very close fitting, while those for evening wear are in the Duchesse shape, out to the elbow, where they are trimmed with lace ruffles in profusion. As this style will be adopted for summer costumes, I may suggest as a pretty variety that is desirable for either the half long or long sleeve, a wide piece of lace insertion runs the length of the sleeve on the outside, and the material is then cut away underneath. In black grenadines and other thin materials, the effect of this in black lace is very pretty.

The rage for embroidery trimming is as great as ever, and exquisite designs in shaded flowers are worked with different colored silks on ball costumes and silk toilettes, but as such a fashion demands a great deal of money, all cannot adopt it. The figured galloons so fashionable last year have lost their popularity, and on the simple costumes which are of moderate price the trimmings are generally bands of silk and a fringe. I have mentioned several times the pretty colored Hamburg embroidery, which comes in ruffles and insertion for trimming wash materials. They are frequently embroidered in several colors, blue, cardinal and black, or pale pink and blue, ecru and blue and cardinal, or simply one color, and in prices are as low as six and seven cents a yard, up to forty or fifty cents.

Among the new models which have been exhibited lately, I noticed the following as worthy of mention: A black silk costume was trimmed on the skirt with three narrow pleatings. The tablier was draped towards the sides in folds, and a double quilling of black lace, with jet passementerie between, extended down the centre of the whole length of the tablier. A wide quilling of lace and jet passementerie edged the drapery all around and extended up the left side, while on the right two clusters of loops and ends of black satin ribbon, faced with deep orange, concealed where the folds of the front drapery were fastened. The corsage was cut with a plain cuirasse front, and trimmed only to the side seams with the lace and passementerie; in the back it formed two long coat tails with two bows of the satin ribbon on each end, which fall over the slightly looped drapery in the back. This is a charming model for a silk and grenadine dress in summer, when pleatings of grenadine can be used instead of lace. The sleeves may be cut to the elbow, and the corsage heart-shaped, with quilling of black tulle. A very pretty style of cutting a dress open in the neck, is to trim the neck with a high standing collar of the same, which should meet together in front by a ribbon bow or pin, the dress is then cut open in a slanting line toward the bust, and then square across, leaving an opening resembling a triangular shape; this is filled in with a pleated chemesitte of lisse, or left open and simply edged with a narrow quilling, but it is not only new but becoming. Another costume of silver-gray goat's hair was trimmed on the skirt with a pleating composed of alternate pleats of gray silk and the wool material. The draping was arranged across the front in scarfs of the wool and gray damasse silk—that is, the bottom folds were of the damasse, then folds of the wool, then damasse; in the back the three scarfs were looped together and hung in pleated, fan-like ends one over the other. The corsage formed a pleated basque with a yoke of the damasse, and wide belt of damasse, which also trimmed the sleeves.

A very stylish costume of brown bourette with flecks of color, had the skirt trimmed with wide box pleats of the bourette, between which was visible a plain piece of brown silk, this formed a flounce about ten inches wide. The polonaise was trimmed with a band of brown silk, which also formed a vest in front, and extended down the back in V shape to the waist, where it separated in two bands, which as they extended towards the bottom of the drapery, it widens into revers, which turn towards the back, and triumed with pearl buttons and simulated buttonholes. In draping the polonaise it is drawn in loose folds across the front, and but slightly looped in the back.

The following hints will be found a useful guide to remodernizing old style basques. The front of the basque below the waist is cut off, and a pleated silk belt inserted at the side seams under the arms, and fastens in front with a buckle, while the back is cut in the square postillion shape. Another very pretty renovation is a vest inserted in the front in perpendicular folds, and strapped across with narrow bands of the material.

Very pretty dresses can be produced with these renovating suggestions, which when applied to the skirt it is done in this way:

If one has an old silk skirt, the best breadths are taken to form a pleated demi-train, the front of the under-skirt can be of cambric to within a quarter of a yard of the trimming, which space is pieced out with silk; the overdress is the simple tablier shape drawn back under a silk revers, which extends the whole length of the skirt in the back each side of the pleated train, which shows between the revers.

Among the novelties which are finding favor is the use of ribbon, which is prominently applied in ornamenting dresses, and will be a feature of those to be worn in the summer. Double faced satin ribbon is the most effective, presenting as it does the effect of two ribbons, and while the upper part may be black, it shows in the undercolor bright glimmers of orange and cardinal, or some other brilliant contrast. As a garniture for black silk or thin dresses, it transforms them into very dressy toilettes without much expense. A pretty set of these bows are available for several dresses.

In bonnets we see but a shadowy glimpse of the new ones. We are all wearing felts or velvets, but another week will find us deeply involved in the bewildering attractions of new spring bonnets.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Floor Mats.—Having seen an inquiry from "Down South" for suggestions to make floor mats, I think she will find the following very simple and a good way to utilize old pieces of tapestry carpet which are too small to be of use. The pieces are cut so as to ravel in strands about four or five inches long, and are then knit on common wooden needles, with coarse white crochet cotton, which must also be strong; place the stitches upon the needle as for any knitting; for half mat 35 stitches, or 70 full width. Knit two rows plain; on third row knit one stitch, then put over right hand needle three pieces of worsted, then knit the next stitch; then another, making two stitches between the worsteds; finish line out in this way. In taking off from needle, put needle *under cotton* stitch, taking up the worsted with it; so through the line; then two plain rows, then again with carpet.

A letter from "Anxious" asks us to republish the directions given in a back number of the Post for making screens or fire-boards, which were as follows:

The background was of pale blue paper, and the scraps were put on in diamond pattern all over, leaving a diamond of blue paper between each group. An outline of gold paper not half an inch wide, around each. The frame was of black unpolished wood, with a narrow band of gold inside. Black or dark red paper would be effective if covered in the same way with scraps. The scraps were of all sizes, very neatly filled in. I have also seen a screen with a background of gold paper, and the scraps put on in three rows of diamonds, joining each other the whole length. Between each point of the diamond was a bright-colored butterfly, and a butterfly pasted here and there on the gold background. The diamond must be just sketched out at first, and the pictures filled in.

Shoe Box.—"Frontier Home" does not say whether she wants a box with cretonne trimmings or with embroidery, but if she has any knowledge of the latter also will find it the prettiest. I have just seen one made as follows: The foundation was a large round basket, the same size at the bottom as at the top, similar to the scrap baskets so much used now. It was lined inside with Turkey red, and bound with black braid, which also was stitched on to form the compartments required for shoes. The outside was trimmed as follows: Two quillings of scarlet flannel around the bottom, each quilling about three inches wide and pinked on the edge; a tiny little star of yellow, blue and green worked in each scallop. Above this was a wide band of ecru canvas, on which was worked a fancy geometrical design in various colored wools, several rows of feather and coral stitch making a border each side. Around the top edge were two quillings similar to those on the bottom. The lid was very ingeniously cut from pieces of cardboard, pie shape, and sewed together so as to be slightly raised in the centre. Each piece was covered with flannel, scarlet, black and blue, arranged alternately, and a feather stitch of yellow outlining the pieces; a rosette of worsted in the centre and a quilling of black braid on the edge. The lid is then tacked on the basket and a loop made to lift it. The whole effect was very pretty, and it made a handsome ornament for a bedroom corner, and without much expense.

Frontier Home requests a few suggestions for a shoe box. I have just finished one; perhaps she would be pleased with mine. I took a box about 38 inches long and 18 inches wide; lined the inside with paper and covered the sides and ends with a pleating of brown delaine, tacking the pleats down on under side. Then I took the cover of the box and made a cushion for it by tacking an old piece of calico on one side and the ends, leaving one side open; then I stuffed it with old rags until I had a cushion about three inches high; then covered the top with brown delaine and finished the edges with a pleating of black alpaca. Two small straps of leather tacked on the box and then on the edge of one side of the cover form hinges. Now, when this is done, it looks like a little sofa, and can be used for such as well as a shoe box. I hope this will find room in the Fireside Chat, as it is the first I have written.—*New Subscriber.*

In answer to Schoolgirl's inquiry for something to benefit the complexion, I would first warn her against the use of lotions without first knowing positively of their harmlessness. The following washes have been suggested by a physician, and may prove very efficacious: A wineglass of lemon juice and a pint of rose water can be used as a face lotion. If there are pimples which are known as "acne," the blood is out of order and needs purifying by some suitable medicine. Dandelion and yellow dock root steeped together and made into a tea, is one of the best blood-purifying drinks in the spring. Physicians recommend an ointment made of the compound hypochloride of sulphur. It is rubbed on at night and washed off in the morning. Borax dissolved in the water every time you bathe your face is very excellent for the skin, making it soft and clear. This is the simplest but one of the best lotions for the complexion.—*H. A. K.*

Mocha Pudding.—The following recipe was given to me by a famous cook, so I can recommend it to M. A. B. with confidence:

Beat up the yolks of four eggs with one-quarter pound of powdered loaf sugar, and gradually 3oz. of flour and 3oz. of potato flour; lastly, the whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth. When the whole is well mixed, put it in a buttered plain mould and bake. Turn out the cake when done, and when it is quite cold cover it evenly all over with the following icing, ornamenting it with piping of the icing pushed through a paper cone. This last operation must be done with care lest the heat of the hand warm the icing. When the cake is finished it should be put in a cold place or on ice till the time of serving. The icing.—Take half a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding drop by drop, during the process half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

Amber Pudding.—There are several varieties of amber pudding, but I think if Young beginner tries mine she will like it:

Melt one-half pound of butter in a saucepan, add to it 8 oz. loaf sugar, finely powdered. Mix well; then add the yokes of six eggs well beaten, and as much chopped and pounded candied orange peel as will give color and flavor to the mixture. Line a pie-dish with paste, and when filled with the above put on a cover of paste and bake in a slow oven. It can be eaten hot or cold.—*Old Subscriber.*

Chocolate Eclairs.—I have tried this recipe and found it very good, so send it in answer to Sweet Tooth's inquiry. She can add the cream between the cakes if preferred, made the same as for cream cakes:

Take the weight of four fresh eggs in sugar, and half the weight in flour, mixing with the latter half a teaspoonful of soda, mixing in very thoroughly, or the eclairs will not be light. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light, add slowly the sugar, as you do for sponge cake, having it just as light; alternate the beaten whites of the eggs with the flour, and bake in pans having compartments, dropping a spoonful of batter in each, or in a paper-lined and well-greased pan, making the cakes as nearly the size of lady-fingers as possible. The oven should be quick, and when done take out, place two together, allow them to cool, and cover with chocolate.

Will some one of your readers give me suggestions about making pretty toilet mats and oblige.—*Lover of Fancy Work.*

Will some of the Chat contributors tell me if it is possible to bleach and clean straw bonnets at home and dye them. I would like some advice on the subject.—*Economist.*

POTATO MUFFINS.—I have had so many good things from your correspondents I would like to contribute one in answer to Fanny's inquiry:

Boil three good sized potatoes, skin and mash them; beat in a teaspoonful of salt and a piece of good butter the size of an egg; make this perfectly smooth and about the consistency of starch by adding a little warm water; beat up two eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little water with a teacup of yeast; then add three pints of sifted flour; mix these well together and add one pint of milk-warm water; stir in the soda and set it to rise over night for breakfast. Bake in rings on the griddle.—*Constant Reader.*

THIRTEEN.—They are indeed trifles but very good to eat, so I hope my recipe is the one desired by Columbine:

Yolk of one egg, enough prepared flour to make a stiff dough; roll very thin, cut in fanciful shapes and fry in hot lard; turn them immediately after dropping them in the lard; they should not remain in more than three seconds and should be of a light yellow color; drain them on a large flat dish; when cold sprinkle with red sugar.—*Pansie B.*

WHITE SOUP.—I think Perfumer must mean milk soup in her inquiry, and if she tries the recipe I send I am sure she will like it:

Materials—Four large potatoes, two leeks, two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca, one pint of milk. Put the potatoes and leeks—cut in four—into a saucepan with two quarts of boiling water and two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste. Boil an hour, run through a colander and return it to the saucepan; add the milk, sprinkle in the tapioca and let it boil fifteen minutes.—*Experience.*

I would like suggestions for a pretty carriage blanket or rug for summer use, from some of your correspondents who know about fancy work.—*Country Admirer.*

Can you give any more suggestions about making a pretty sofa blanket?—*West Chester.*

I want to make a pretty table cover for a small bedroom table. Can you help me with suggestions?—*Fancy Work.*

I have heard so much of curtains made of dark blankets. Can you give me some hints as to how the design is prepared?—*New Haven Subscriber.*

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

MAGGIE, (Toronto, Can.)—Amethysts are stones of a purple color.

AUTHOR, (New York, N. Y.)—Before you can legally dramatize the novel you mention, you must obtain the express consent of the author.

A. L. M., (Norfolk, Va.)—The distinction of Esquire is purely conventional, and is given to persons in that class of life who are usually termed "gentlemen."

MILES, (Boston, Mass.)—The word "inscribed" is frequently used in a more extended sense than that in which it is employed by Euclid; hence we may correctly speak of two circles being inscribed in a triangle.

T. P. D., (Norfolk, Mass.)—Your handwriting is scarcely good enough for a clerkship. The French language, as well as the Flemish, is spoken in Belgium. A knowledge of French would be of service in a shipping-house.

FREDERICK, (Girard, Wis.)—To your question, we reply that it would be the height of folly to give up a lucrative business in the country for one less so in town, especially when the change is made solely to gratify an inclination for a city life.

ELSIE V., (Ellsworth, Kan.)—The young gentleman is evidently of a capricious, unfeeling disposition; and we think you ought to congratulate yourself on the withdrawal of his attentions. Such a man would never make a good husband.

NERO, (Chickasaw, Iowa.)—A right of way is generally considered to be established by the unforbidden use of a path for a number of years; but there are cases in which the matter might be disputed and would have to be referred to a jury.

ALMA, (Baltimore, Md.)—You are certainly very young to walk out with a gentleman, although with a view to honorable courtship. You must, however, be very careful not to do so without consent and permission of your parents. Your handwriting requires improving.

CRICKET, (Phila., Pa.)—The English Derby Stakes were instituted by the Earl of Derby in 1780. The subscribers to the first Derby numbered thirty-six at fifty guineas each; now the stakes sometimes amount to over $6,000. The first University boat-race took place in 1829.

COUNTRY GIRL, (New Bedford, Mass.)—(1). The authorship of the old comedy "Slammer Gurton's Needle" is attributed to various persons by different writers. It is not likely that the question will be ever definitely settled. (2) At present our list of contributors to the line you mention is quite full.

JANE, (Huntington.)—Your teachers may be strict in some of their rules, but you had better submit to them quietly. 2. No, we don't think it proper for a school-girl to correspond with half a dozen young men. We think your parents more competent to answer this last question than anyone else, so decline to give our opinion on the subject.

DONNA, (Dodge, Neb.)—Belladonna is frequently made use of for the purpose of giving a false brilliancy to the eyes, and is sometimes made use of by professional actresses. Both the modes you mention are equally injurious, and if either are persevered in for any length of time, they are certain to weaken, and possibly destroy the eyesight. Both should be avoided.

JIMMY, (Akron, Minn.)—Your parents doubtless think they are advising you for your own good when they so persistently urge you to marry your distant cousin who will bring so much wealth into the family, but take our advice, and never disgrace your manhood by marrying a woman for whom you have not the least regard for the sake of living a life of ease.

K. L. M, (Johnson, Iowa.)—"What is considered a horse-power when applied to a steam engine?" asks this correspondent, "I have put this question," he says, "to several persons that I thought should know, but received no satisfactory explanation of the science. An explanation of this will be thankfully received by more than one reader of your valuable paper." A horse-power is the power which a horse is capable of exerting; namely, a force capable of raising 3,000 pounds.

D. A., (Tioga, N. Y.)—A man called Bartholdt the Black, but whose real name was Ankiltzen, it is also said was the discoverer of that mischievous compound, gunpowder; and to a monk, who, mingling the ingredients for a medicine in a mortar, and striking a stone upon it, and laying a stone upon it, it caught fire by his striking a light near it, and blowing up the stone with violence, the idea of cannon was suggested. It was first patronized by the Venetian Government, and they employed the first cannon in the battle of Chiozza in 1818.

AMBITION, (Franklin, N. Y.)—You should bear in mind the extreme difficulty with which success, however moderate, is won in either the literary or dramatic professions. To obtain eminence in either would require years of patient industry, severe mental toil, and above all, a natural aptitude, which is the gift of very few indeed. You should also recollect that the profession of literature is the most difficult of all others, and that it is one in which very few indeed ever attain the eminence which you covet.

READER, (Giles, Tenn.)—The following is part of the prophecy referred to. It was first published in 1453:

"In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail;
But if the Cock and Bull shall pair,
The Bear shall not prevail.

But look, in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear;
The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane,
Grow pale, and disappear."

FARMER, (Penobscot, Me.)—In general, 20,000 pounds is a car-load; it is also 20 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 100 sacks of flour, 6 cords of hard wood, 7 of soft, 15 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 6,000 feet of solid boards, 12,000 feet of siding, 33,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one-quarter less of green lumber, one-tenth less of joists, scantling and all other large lumber, 340 bushels of wheat, 400 of corn, 600 of oats, 300 of barley, 300 of flaxseed, 320 of apples, 480 of Irish potatoes, 280 of sweet potatoes, and 1,000 bushels of bran.

G. C. C., (Wood, Ohio.)—Few people understand the difference between pottery and porcelain. But they are different things in themselves; the paste of pottery being opaque, that of porcelain translucid; pottery is glazed with lead and silex, porcelain with an analogous to flint glass; while each kind, again, is subdivided into its own special classes, all of which are distinctly discernable to the collector and connoisseur. Thus, there is a soft pottery and a hard pottery; a hard porcelain and a soft porcelain; with a third kind, which are specially soft porcelain; all these having other divisions, and characteristics too numerous to mention.

STUDENT, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—The general of the Jesuit Society is Peter John Beckx, born in 1795. He was brought up carefully, and, his abilities having been seen, admitted by the society of Jesuits at Hildesheim in 1819. He is a Belgian, and has fought valiantly for the Church and order. The success of the Jesuits in non-Roman Catholic countries is said to be attributed to his astute half-Belgian, half-Teutonic mind. It is said that through him the most eminent scholar of all the Jesuits, Father Curci, has been anathematized, expelled, and his book placed on the Index—i. e., forbidden. It is quite impossible for a non-Jesuit, and certainly for a Jesuit, to tell the number, the state of their finances, or the investments of the Jesuits. Father Beckx resides at Rome.

HENRY, (Johnson, Ind.)—If the reports she has heard about you are untrue, you will be able to live them down and get the girl in the end. You enjoy a great advantage in not having a rival to fight against. The probability is that she is just as much in love as ever, and would be glad to have the evil stories disproved, so that she might fulfil her promise and become your bride. Go to her and ask her squarely what she has been told against you, show her that it is untrue, if it is so, and explain to her that you have worked seven years for a home for her, and she must adorn it. Keep up a stout heart, pursue your suit with confidence, brush away all her objections, and you will capture the being you have labored so hard and long to provide for.

LUCK, (Clarion, Pa.)—It was not known to the ancients. In 1712 a coffee-shrub was sent from the Dutch East Indies to Amsterdam, and planted in the botanical garden of that city. From this a shoot was sent to Louis XIV. of France, and planted in the Jardin des Plantes. This succeeded beautifully, and from it slips were sent to the garden at the island of Martinique; but both the slips died on the way. In 1720, however, three shrubs, which had been produced in the Royal Botanical Gardens of Paris, were sent to the same destination. The voyage was long and tedious, and two of the plants died in transit. The ship's company was put on a small allowance of water, and the captain generously shared his quart each day with his remaining plant, and so succeeded in getting it to its destination. From this single plant have resulted all the myriads of coffee plantations of the West Indies and of Central and South America.

INQUIRER, (Lincoln, Mo.)—The Dardanelles, or Canal of Gallipoli, is the ancient Hellespont. It unites the sea of Marmora to that of the Archipelago. It was about sixty-four miles in length; the narrowest point of its width is about one mile and a twelfth, while the widest point is a little over three miles. The water is very deep; the tide, which is quite rapid, varies from 165 to 250 feet per minute; it makes navigation difficult for vessels, especially when the wind blows from northeast to southwest. The shores on both sides of the canal present a very singular contrast. Those on the European side are rocky, while those on the Asiatic side are full of vegetation, with immense valleys and gardens, and the minarets, together with the dome of the mosques rising above the trees, present a highly picturesque panorama. The entrance to the straits is formidably defended by the two castles of the new Dardanelles, the Kesan Kaleh on the Asiatic, and the Sedil-Bahri on the European side. They are armed with Krupp guns, and they are also defended by other batteries erected on the coast. Twenty-two miles further are the two old castles of the Dardanelles—the Kilid-Bahri on the European, and the Sultanieh-Kalessi on the Asiatic shore. The latter is